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NATIONAL MONEY MATTERS.

Is a country like England we cannot afford to bestow our whole attention on politics or wars. Every now and then, we are recalled to that particular branch of public affairs which is most directly connected with our commercial character; and banks, currency, rate of discount, and so forth, become the favourite phrases of the day. The present is one of these occasions. As all our readers know, the Bank of England has raised its rate of discount to an unprecedented extent; great difficulties prevail in monetary transactions; failures are becoming more frequent; and, in fact, there is a "hitch" in the whole business of the country. This is a circumstance which must come home to the interest of our readers as much as anything which belongs to the public concerns of the kingdom. In general, the fluctuations of "interest" and such things are only felt by the section of the community who are employed in direct monetary affairs; but when a crisis comes, they assume national proportions. In fact, by degrees they absorb all other inquiries, since they comprise the machinery through which society transacts its business.

The immediate cause of the present difficulty in London money matters is the American crisis. Of late, we have been subject to several pecuniary inconveniences—the drain of silver to the East—the demands (a few months ago) of the Bank of France—and, now, to a pressure greater than ordinary from the United States. All the causes of this last—and by far most serious—difficulty it is impossible to divine at present

—from what the Americans themselves say, at all events. Perhaps the best proof of their failing to do this is the inclination they show to attribute such difficulties to inadequate causes. They fall foul of such things as the extravagance of their women in dress. But this is obviously an effect of the causes which produce the derangement. It is because the husbands speculate greatly and play for thousands, that

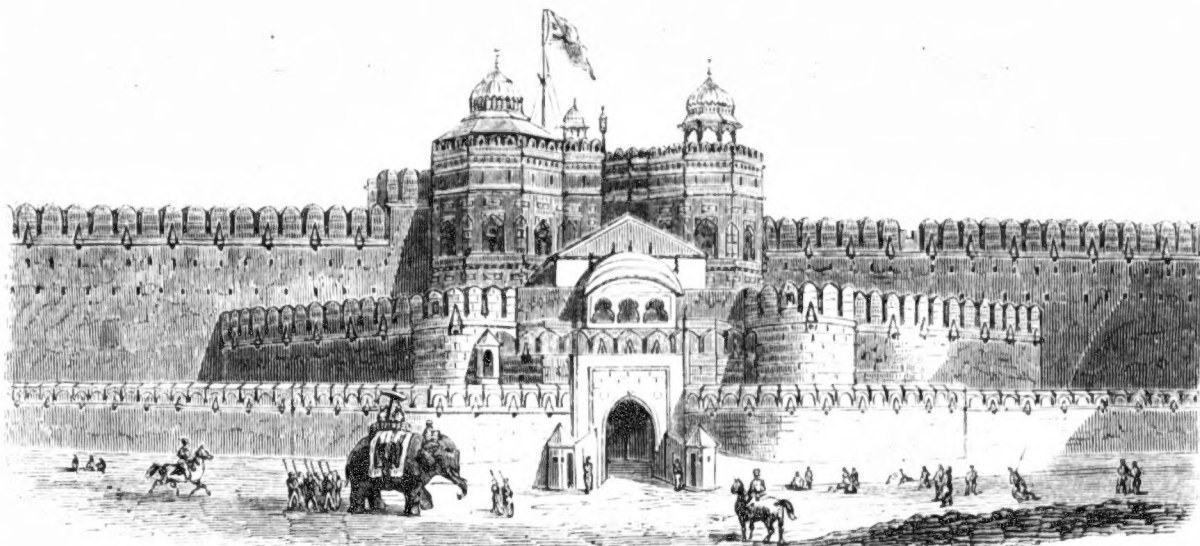
the wives spend money magnificently. And there is no doubt that the Yankees have been speculative to a degree which is incompatible with anything like prudence for some time past. They have been so in land and in railways, especially. In fact, they have abused that institution of credit which exists as a convenience in civilised countries, and are now paying the penalty. They have awaked rather suddenly to the fact that they have done so. But then, this is just the thing which shows that trade has its passions and flurries, like other less sober pursuits—viz., that every now-and-then traders, after a flush of speculation, fall into a slough of despond, and exhibit in their affairs the unphilosophical extravagance of the wildest theorists. By what right do such good folk laugh at the panics of the Cummingsites, for instance? They must know that money and

at least once a quarter delight to inform us of our growing prosperity in every possible way. Imports grow, and exports swell. Money is the agent which represents these, and which these represent; and yet, in money, we are frequently having a "tightness," the result of which is ruin to many people, and the impeding of all the operations which money itself exists to make possible. This fact would imply a great mismanagement on the parts of the business classes—those who use the medium of currency for the benefit of the world—and, perhaps, some errors in the laws under which the currency itself is regulated as a national affair. At least, we have as yet seen no explanation of the causes of this "hitch" adequate to the event. We hear of want of money and hard times; but the harvest was marvellous, trade has been good, and branches of industry which

ordinarily feel pressure soon, are even flourishing. Mr. Murray, the publisher, we see, for instance, sells more books this season than ever; and such a fact is also, we may be sure, a sign. Where luxuries prosper, the ordinary routine of commercial life must be good.

Considerations like these would seem to show that the present monetary difficulty must be temporary, and must spring from causes more connected with the way in which money is employed by those who deal in it, than with the great facts of natural production which constitute natural wealth. But just from this apparent fact of the temporary nature of the affair, we must be cautious how we listen to those who are for attempting to remedy things by a sudden bit of legislation.

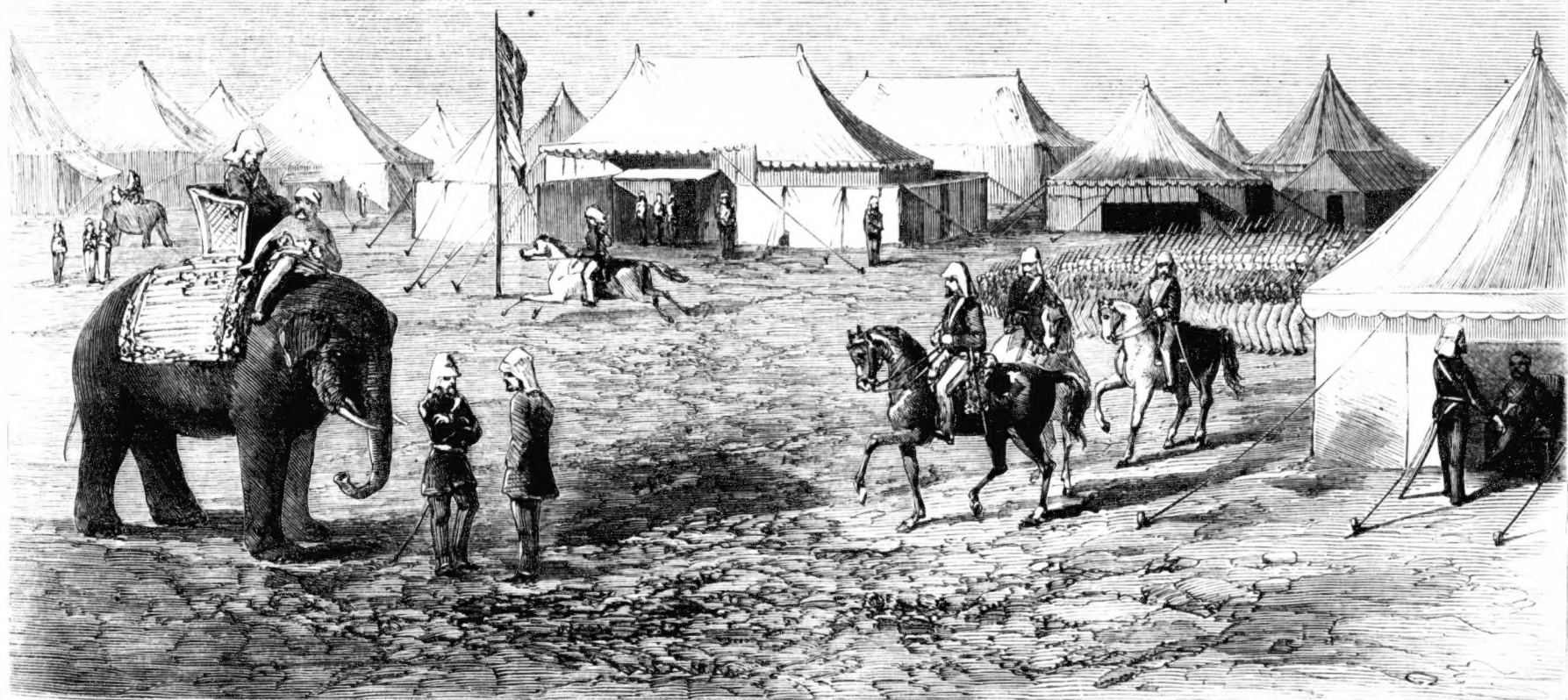
Whatever the real causes of the hitch, it has come about under the operation of public confidence in the existing monetary system. We must not confound machinery with natural law. We must not think that by inventing plans for sending out "paper" to represent money, we will create a confidence which is wanting only because that form of money in which alone the public has real belief is temporarily deficient. There is always a temptation



ENTRANCE TO THE FORTRESS AT AGRA.—(FROM A DRAWING IN THE LIBRARY OF THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.)

credit are only machinery for facilitating the transfer of corn, meat, cloth, cotton, &c., and that there ought to be no general ruin where there is no failure in such fundamental productions.

Indeed, what excites the wonder of the external world is, how such crises arise, when we are told that as far as getting rich is concerned, the world was never in such a glorious state before. The journals



HEAD-QUARTERS BEFORE DELHI PREVIOUS TO THE ASSAULT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF ENGINEERS.)

FIERY WINE.—The employment of sulphur in the treatment of the vine disease has had a very singular and a very awkward effect. The wine made from grapes which have grown on vines so treated has an unmistakable brimstone flavour. Those who are singular enough to like a fiery wine may now have it in the highest degree; but the flavour is described by those who have experienced it as being abominable.

IRELAND.

ANOTHER CULLEN PASTORAL.—It is said that a pastoral will soon be issued by Dr. Cullen, which will deal principally with the treatment to be given to the British army and navy are subjected, and which will also require the republic which is Grace's late letter provoked from Lord St. Leonard's and others in England.

THE MAYO ELECTION.—The Rev. Peter Conway and the Rev. Luke Ryan, of Mayo election, have received letters notifying them that proceedings will be immediately commenced against them on behalf of the Crown, as directed at the close of the last session of Parliament.

THE CATHOLIC FRIARS AND THE INDIA RELIEF FUND.—The Roman Catholic Priests continue to manifest a disinclination to share actively in the efforts made in Ireland to raise a fund for the relief of the sufferers in India. Dr. Wisler, Roman Catholic Bishop of Legation and Ferns, was recently invited to attend a meeting at Carlow. He excused himself, and sent a letter expressing sympathy with the sufferers, but drawing doubts on the probable fairness of the distribution of the Indian Fund.

A FEW IRISH OUTRAGES.—Two of the Derry constabulary recently arrested a man for possession of a knife. The prisoner refused to walk with them unless they took off the handcuffs, which they did. They had not proceeded far when three men and a woman came running up to them, and commenced an attack upon the policemen. Exhausted by the treatment they received, and with the weight of their handcuffs, which were saturated with rain, the police at length proposed to relinquish their prisoner in preference to using their firearms; but the others saw that they would not let them go home with their lives. One of the fellows, named Gallagher, endeavored to wrest a carbine from one of the police. It went off, and he received the contents of it through his heart, causing instant death. On this his companions made off, leaving Gallagher dead on the road.—Mr. Richard Connell, of Robinson, while returning from service on Sunday week in a car, with his mother and sister, was attacked by a party of ruffians, and so severely beaten about the head with sticks and whips loaded in the hands, that he died on Friday. His mother was a good deal hurt in endeavouring to save her son; but the sister was untouched. The miscreants escaped to the time; but nine men were subsequently arrested on suspicion, and three of them were recognized by Mrs. Connell and her daughter.—Near Ballinacree two men, who had a grudge against another man, cut off his donkey's ears; they were apprehended. The owner of the animal, not long since, was fired at.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY.—Soon after the "recent ukase" of the Lord Chancellor, the grand masters of the Orange Lodges, were summoned to a special meeting by Lord Enniskillen, the supreme head of the institution, at the Rotunda, in Dublin. The meeting was strictly private. Lord Enniskillen, grand master of the Grand Lodge at Antrim, spoke publicly, however, at a meeting of his lodge, and his published speech is full of indignation at the Chancellor's "ukase." He decried that high authority to move him from the commission of the peace simply as belonging to the Orange institution. He recommended the Orangemen to be united and firm, and to lay their grievance before the Crown through her Majesty's Ministers. The following is the resolution adopted at the grand meeting at Dublin:—"This Grand Lodge (see it to be) must bound upon them (when a greater meeting of the members of the Grand Lodge has taken place than at any time since the reorganisation of the institution) to record the unabated and decided attachment of the members of the Grand Lodge to the Orange Institution. They believe that at no former period of its history was it so clearly their duty to uphold its principles, to defend its rights, and to support it for the legitimate, loyal, and benevolent purposes of its organisation. And they desire to glorify God for many marked tokens of His divine favour in the great increase of members; in the judgment pronounced upon recent proceedings by a discerning public; and in the evident influence exercised by the institution in every part of the British Empire."

SCOTLAND.

STRIKING WORK.—The joiners of Glasgow, 1,200 in number, are out on strike, the masters having reduced the rate of wages. A journeyman can still earn 2s. 6d. a week. The wages of masons at Ayr having been reduced from 5s. to 2s. 6d. a week, a number of men have followed the example of the joiners of Glasgow. Owing to a proposed reduction of wages, 500 canvas printers of Kilmarnock ceased to work.

THE PROVINCES.

THE MURDER AT BEVERLY.—Baker, who murdered his sweetheart, Helen Hoffer, at Beverly, and afterwards cut his own throat, died last week in great pain. He had determined not to eat. This resolution he kept, and was literally starved to death. An inquest was held on his body, when the jury returned a verdict of "Insanity."

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.—On Monday week the Duke of Devonshire gave a magnificent banquet and ball at Chatsworth, in commemoration of the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures. After coffee, there was a grand exhibition of coloured lights over the whole of the extensive grounds, beautifully illuminating the statuary, and giving a splendid effect to the fountains.

DEPRESSED STATE OF TRADE.—The universal monetary crisis is now telling upon employment in our manufacturing districts, very seriously in some places. The greatest sufferers are the workers in cotton. At Manchester great numbers of operatives are idle, or only partially employed by the adoption of "short time"; and many salesmen, clerks, and warehousemen, are also thrown out of employment for a time. At Ashton, Salford, Stockport, Bury, Bolton, Blackburn, Preston, and other towns, distress is ready to prey to a wide extent. At Preston, more than a dozen mills are stopped, and thirty are working only part of the week. The silk trade of Macclesfield is in a very bad state. The iron-trade of South Staffordshire is "somewhat dull," but there is a fair demand for manufactured iron for home consumption. As yet, the American disasters and the tightness of the money market have not seriously affected the trade of Birmingham and the district. At Nottingham, there has been dulness in the lace-trade for some weeks. Mr. Gorton, a lace dealer, has stopped for £30,000. The hosiery-trade of Leicester is in a healthy state, but employment is coming scarce. There are a considerable number of weavers unemployed. At Leeds, only a "flatness" is complained of in the woollen-cloth trade. Short-time working is becoming more prevalent in the worsted-mills of Halifax; while business at Bradford is "paralysed," with short-time for operatives, and gloomy prospects for the winter.

ATTEMPTED MURDER, AND SUICIDE.—For some time past a man named Fearstone, a farm servant in the employ of Mr. Passmore, East Down, near Barnstable, had complained of being ill-treated by the female servants in the house. A few days ago he quitted Mr. Passmore's service alleging this as his reason. On the evening of his leaving two of the women were sitting at work in the kitchen, when the prisoner came and fired a blue-barrelled, loaded with shot, through the window, greatly frightening, but not injuring, the women. He escaped pursuit, and went and hung himself in a neighbouring wood.

ROBBERY OF GOVERNMENT ARMS.—It was lately discovered that several thousand pounds' worth of Government stores had been stolen from the Tower, Bagin Street, Birmingham. The mystery which at first hung over the robbery was partially solved by the arrest of three persons, named Thomas Williams, who was employed as lock-setter and examiner at the works, and William and George Breerton, gun finishers. From the evidence given on the examination, it appeared that Mr. Clarke, a gun-maker in London, ascertained that military arms were being sold in Birmingham for less than the cost price; thus he communicated to the Chairman of the London Armory Company. Acting upon the advice of this gentleman, Mr. Clarke proceeded to Birmingham, and had an interview with Williams, who offered to sell him guns at about one-half the ordinary rate. Mr. Clarke purchased twenty guns, and the prisoner sent them to London. On being examined, it was found they bore the Tower mark, and it was shown that they were not condemned guns. Williams was committed to the assizes. The other two prisoners were remanded.

QUARRY ACCIDENT.—At the quarries of Clodd's Son, near Carnarvon, some fourteen or fifteen men were assembled in conversation, when they heard the warning cry, "Beware." They instantly ran to a cabin constructed for the safety of those at work when danger is expected. Unhappily this proved the worst spot they could have chosen. A huge mass of stone, about thirty tons in weight, fell from a height of fifty yards, and broke into a thousand pieces, which bounded with tremendous force to the ground, killing six men.

DIED UN-ATFACED.—A person named Dodgson, late a soldier of Leeds (an old man), went to Sheffield on Wednesday week, and found his way to the house of a woman named Stead, who lives apart from her husband, supporting herself from the proceeds of a little shop. Her story is, that Dodgson was an old sweet heart of hers, and found her house by accident. They went out together during the day; and, indeed, Stead was almost always with him till Saturday evening—excepting only that he lodged out of her house. All this while, said certain witnesses summoned by the coroner who held an inquest on Dodgson's body, she supplied him most liberally with gin and brandy. During Thursday night (says the "Manchester Guardian") she took £10 10s. from under his pillow, to take care of it; subsequently, though he was at the time in a state of insensibility, and several times said he was dying, she refused to call in a surgeon. On the very evening when she got possession of the money she expressed a hope that the man would die before the morning; and at another time she said medicine was of no use, as he was dying. She also said he had "come to die with her, and she would see the last of him." On Saturday when the man was very ill, Stead wanted to remove him to her house, but the landlady would not allow this, and called in a surgeon. He forbade the giving him any more spirits, on which Stead, who was herself drunk,

ordered the surgeon out of the house, and procured brandy, which she gave to the deceased. She would have given him still more brandy, having procured a pint for the purpose, had not the police interfered, and ejected her from the house. After the drink was withheld, Dodgson recovered his consciousness, and expressed his determination to prosecute Stead for "stealing" his money. She was apprehended on that charge, and remanded until he should be able to give evidence. Soon after, however, he suffered a relapse, which ended fatally. The deceased having told the surgeon that he had been "drugged," and a report asserting that chloroform had been administered to him, the coroner was called upon to institute an inquiry. The medical men, however, after a post-mortem examination, were of opinion that death had resulted from apoplexy, combined with disease of the liver and lungs. They attributed the apoplexy to drink, and the coroner advised the jury, that as the deceased had voluntarily taken the spirits from Stead, and had not frequently asked for them, no criminal charge could be sustained against her as to his death, and with the robbery they had nothing to do. The jury, after a long consultation, returned a verdict, simply stating the cause of death, and censuring Stead for imprudence in administering the gin.

NEW MAYORS.—The Mayor of York for 1857 is Alderman Wood; for Exeter, Mr. H. Hooper; Oxford, Mr. G. Webb; Romsey, Dr. Beidome; Salisbury, Mr. C. W. Squire; Chesham, Mr. G. H. Widdery; Southampton, Mr. J. White; Plymouth, Mr. B. Hicks; Devonport, Mr. M. Scott; Rochdale, Mr. R. T. Heape; Leicester, Mr. J. Underwood; Preston, Mr. J. Humber; Norwich, Mr. E. Field; Sunderland, Mr. G. F. Russon; Canterbury, Mr. T. N. Wrightwick; Leeds, Alderman Fairbairn; Halifax, Mr. T. Walsh; Sheffield, Mr. R. Jackson; Oldham, Mr. J. Radcliffe; Staleybridge, Mr. W. Rayley; Wakefield, Mr. T. M. Carter; Derby, Mr. J. G. Crompton; Stafford, Mr. J. Griffin (for the fourth time); Wigan, Mr. J. Lamb; Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. H. Mason; Bolton, Mr. W. Miskin; Bradford, Alderman Brown; Pontefract, Mr. J. Wright; Glasgow, Andrew Gairbairn (for the second time); Margate, Mr. G. Y. Hunter; Maidstone, Mr. G. Wickham; Colchester, Alderman Duncan; Ipswich, Mr. E. Goudard.

CLAIM TO A WOODEN LEG.—A singular application has been made to the guardians of the Ruthin Union, by one of their relieving officers, for an order to compel a widow, named Jones, to surrender a wooden leg used by her husband. It seems that the husband, some years ago, was supplied by the guardians, at his request, with a wooden leg of first-rate workmanlike, which cost £6. Since his decease the widow has been called upon to restore the leg, which she has refused to do, and asks for a compensation. She alleges that the leg was part of her husband's, and since his death it forms a part of his goods and chattels.

AN IRISH RIOT AT PRESTON.—Several militiamen of the 4th Regiment, stationed at Preston, were in the habit of assembling at a beer-house in Potten Street, and frequent squabbles took place between them and the Irish residents in that locality. On a late occasion, as a party of militiamen were leaving the beer-house they were tackled with stones by a crowd of men and women. A severe fight took place, the militiamen were overpowered by numbers, and severely maltreated. One man, Devitt, was knocked down and beaten with stones about the head and face, till he became perfectly unrecognisable. He received internal injuries also, his sides being so much bruised about the shoulders as to be unable to lift his arms. The militiamen on being assisted retreated to the beer-house, which was assailed with repeated volleys of stones, by a mob of about 300 people. Five men and two women were apprehended; the women for having supplied the rioters with missiles, which they gathered in their aprons. They were taken before a police magistrate and committed for trial.

LORD BROUGHAM IN THE PROVINCES.—Lord Brougham, who seems to have taken a new lease of public and private life in this his seventy-ninth year, gave another evidence of his vigour on Tuesday week, by doing duty as President of a soirée of the Leeds Mechanics and Literary Institution. In his speech, he showed the benefits that may be derived from judicious lectures, and the greater benefits that are likely to accrue from the stimulus given to education by the wholesome proceedings of the Society of Arts, and the examinations they have instituted in all parts of the country. Another point which Lord Brougham urged with great earnestness was, that some system of examination to test qualifications should be established in the case of schoolmasters. Afterwards, alluding to India, his Lordship said:—"Never let it be for a moment supposed that we dare abandon our hold of India, though upon that neither our wealth nor power in the slightest degree depends. Some of our ill-wishers on the Continent have a notion that if we lose India we are done. There never was a greater delusion. Long before we gained India, we stood as high in the nations of the world as we have stood since; and if we lost India to-morrow, we should stand as high as we do now. But if we lose it we abandon millions and millions to the most cruel of all fates—the anarchy the rapine, and the blood of their own contending chiefs and tyrants; and if we lose it after being defeated, our reputation is gone for ever, and we are safe in no quarter of the world."—Two days after Lord Brougham proceeded to Liverpool to inaugurate the Queen's College, an establishment recently formed to serve as a connecting link between the Liverpool Institute and the University of London. His Lordship's speech had a strong local interest, and contained some sound advice. His Lordship also spoke with great earnestness on the slave trade. He said:—"Let us hope that we are not to see it revived under another name. Let us hope that the Planter party will no longer exercise an influence, not merely to be deplored, but to be reprobated, over certain colonies with whom we are in alliance, and of whom I wish to speak with the greatest reserve; but I believe to find that I predicted in the House of Lords last June, that in this respect our pretext to encourage the migration, which is called, of 'free African labourers,' which is an effort to revive the African slave trade—I grieve to say, and I am surprised to find, that what I then predicted has been more than verified, and that the innocent and useful, and civilising commerce of Africa for the present suspended by that speculation. I hope and trust that there will speedily be an end to it."

FATAL EXPLOSION.—On Saturday night Mr. Moore, a shopkeeper, of Ince, an abled a light on a squab, or cracker, which some lads had brought of him. It immediately exploded, and some sparks fell into a barrel containing colliers' blasting powder, which exploded with a terrific report, blowing out the front wall of the shop and of the house adjoining. A little girl, who happened to be sitting at the window at the time, was killed on the spot. Another little girl had both her legs broken. Mr. Moore himself, as very badly hurt, and Mrs. Moore (who was lying in the ruins) was severely injured.

TRADE AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—Lord Goderich, M.P., and General Thompson, M.P., waited on the Earl of Clarendon, a few days since, and presented to his Lordship a memorial agreed to recently by the Leeds and Bradford Chamber of Commerce, requesting the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to use his influence with the Portuguese Government to secure the free navigation of the Zambesi river, and to afford freedom of transit and of commercial intercourse in the Portuguese colonies on both the West and East coasts of Africa. Lord Clarendon replied that Dr. Livingstone would proceed to Lisbon with the strongest recommendations to the King and Government of Portugal, and would receive the hearty support of our minister at that Court in his efforts to secure the utmost facilities for commercial intercourse with the interior of Africa. The deputation also brought under his Lordship's notice the subject of the recent renewal of the internal slave trade on the West coast of Africa, in consequence of the proceedings of the French. Lord Clarendon told them the attention of the Government was strongly directed to the matter, and that they were in communication with the French Government in respect to it.

THE TIGER OF RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.—The tiger which some little time since, escaping from his cage, wounded a little boy in Ratcliffe Highway, was sold to Mr. Edmonds, who keeps a travelling menagerie. It was placed in one of the ordinary carriages, the adjoining den being occupied by a lion. The "side" or partition dividing the dens was broken through by the tiger, and a terrible fight followed. The lion acted chiefly on the defensive, and having probably been considerably tamed by his three years' confinement, the tiger had the advantage. His attacks were of the most ferocious kind. The lion managed his head and neck by being much injured, but the tiger at last succeeded in ripping him up, and he was dead in a few minutes. The scene was a fearful one, and the roaring and howling of the other animals in the menagerie might have been heard a quarter of a mile distant. The lion cost £300.

THE DOCKS AT LIVERPOOL.—The merchants and shipowners of Liverpool, with their fleets of docks and quays, still call for "more." A number of memorials have been sent to the Dock Committee urging an extension of accommodation for shipping; the memorialists seem to think that more docks and quays should be made at Liverpool itself, rather than at Birkenhead, as required by the recently-enacted Mersey Conservancy Act; and the Dock Committee appear to have every disposition to favour Liverpool and shirk the Birkenhead work. A sub-committee is now considering the matter. In the meantime, the Birkenhead Commissioners and the Railway Companies running to Birkenhead are on the alert to take measures to compel the Liverpool authorities to carry out the act of Parliament with good faith, by completing the Birkenhead docks.

A CHANNEL FLEET.—From the activity displayed in preparing for the steam reserve, the screw line-of-battle ships Duke of Wellington, Marlborough, and Royal Sovereign, three-deckers, and the Victor Emmanuel, Caesar, Agrippa, and Hannibal, two-deckers, at Portsmouth it is supposed that a Channel fleet or squadron of evolution is to be commissioned in the early part of the ensuing year. The Caesar and Hannibal are very forward in their equipments.

AN EXTENSIVE SCHEME OF EMIGRATION TO THE CAPE is about to commence. The sum of £25,000 has been voted to defray the passage of emigrants from Great Britain to the Cape.

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF ORLÉANS are unanimously of opinion that it would be advisable to give a forced currency for some months to the notes of the Bank of France. The merchants of Bordeaux, St. Quentin, Lyons, and Montpellier, concur in the same opinion, already put forward by the merchants of Havre.

LORD PALMERSTON AT GUILDHALL.

The Lord Mayor was properly installed into his office on Monday. At the banquet which followed, and which was attended by several members of her Majesty's Government, as well as by other nobilities, the speeches, of course, turned chiefly upon India, and equally, of course, the most important speech was that of Lord Palmerston. He said:—

"It is impossible for any Englishman to alude to that which has been achieved in India—not by soldiers only, but by civilians, by individuals, and by knots of men scattered over the whole surface of a great empire—a difficult feeling proud from ever of the nation to which we have the honour to belong. The Government at home, on the other hand, may justly pride themselves on not having been unequal to the magnitude of the occasion. . . . I am proud to say, that although we have departed from these shores the largest army that I believe ever met in battle, we have not under arms in the United Kingdom as many fighting men as we had before the news of the mutiny reached us; and therefore, if any foreign nation ever dreamed in its visions that the exertions which we had been compelled to make in India had lessened our strength at home, and that the time had arrived when a different bearing might be exhibited towards us from that which was safe in the moment of our strength, the manner in which the spirit of the country has burst forth, the manner in which our ranks have been filled, the manner in which our whole force has been replenished, will teach the world that it would not be a safe game to play to attempt to take advantage of that which was erroneously imagined to be the moment of our weakness. It has been the fashion among the people of the Continent to say that the English nation is not a military nation. In one sense, indeed—in their sense—that assertion may be said to be true. An Englishman is not so fond as the people of some other countries are of uniforms, of steel accoutrements, and of iron heels; but no nation can excel the English, either as officers or soldiers, in a knowledge of the duties of the military profession, and in the zeal and ability with which those duties are performed; and wherever deep trade duties are to be accomplished—wherever superior numbers are to be boldly encountered and triumphantly overcome—wherever privations are to be encountered—wherever that which a soldier has to confront is individually or collectively to be faced, then, I will venture to say, there is no nation on the face of the globe which can surpass—I might, without too much national vanity, say, I believe that there is no nation which can equal—the people of the British Islands."

Lord Palmerston then panegyriced the heroic fortitude with which the wives and daughters of our countrymen in India have withstood their misfortunes, saying that the bravest soldier may think it no disparagement to be told that his courage and his power of endurance are equal to those of an Englishwoman. He then proceeded to say:—

"While we do justice to the great bulk of our countrymen in India, we must not forget that persons who, by their sagacious position, stand at the head of our countrymen there. I mean the Governor General. Lord Canning has shown throughout the greatest courage, the greatest ability, and the greatest resources; and, in the cordiality which exists between him, as head of the civil service, and Sir Colin Campbell, as head of the military service, we may be sure that everything which the combined exertions of both can accomplish will be effected for the advantage of the country. The task of Lord Canning will indeed be a difficult one. He will have to punish the guilty, he will have to spare the innocent, and he will have to read a death-dealing sentence to punish the guilty, and he will have to spare the innocent; for the atrocities which have been committed are such as to be imagined and perpetrated only by demons sailing forth from the lowest depths of hell. But punishment must be inflicted, not only in a spirit of vengeance, but in a spirit of equanimity, in order that the example of punished crime may deter from a repetition of the offence, and in order to insure the safety of our countrymen and countrywomen in India for the future. He will have to spare the innocent, and it is most gratifying to know, that while the guilty may be punished, the innocent must be reckoned by millions. It is most gratifying to us and honourable to the people, that the great bulk of the population have had no share in the enormities and crimes which have been committed. They have experienced the blessings of British rule, and they have been enabled to compare it with the tyranny exercised over them by their native chiefs. They have had therefore no participation in the attempts which have been made to overthrow our dominion. My remark is, that the inhabitants of that part of our empire which has been most recently acquired (I mean the Punjab), who have had the most recent experience of the many of our viceroyalties, have been most alive to the present occasion and most attached to their new and benevolent masters. I am convinced that if Lord Canning receives—as I am sure he will—that confidence on the part of her Majesty's Government and of the people of this country, without which it is impossible for a man in his high position to discharge the duties which have devolved upon him, it will be found when this dread tragedy is over, that he has properly discharged his duty, and that his conduct has not only been governed by a sense of stern and unflinching justice, but also by that discriminative generosity which is the peculiar characteristic of the British people."

THE EMPERORS AT STUTTGARD.

OUR Indian sketch has delayed the insertion of several engravings scarcely less interesting. Several of the illustrations of the Imperial meeting at Stuttgart—an event of great historical importance—are printed in the present number.

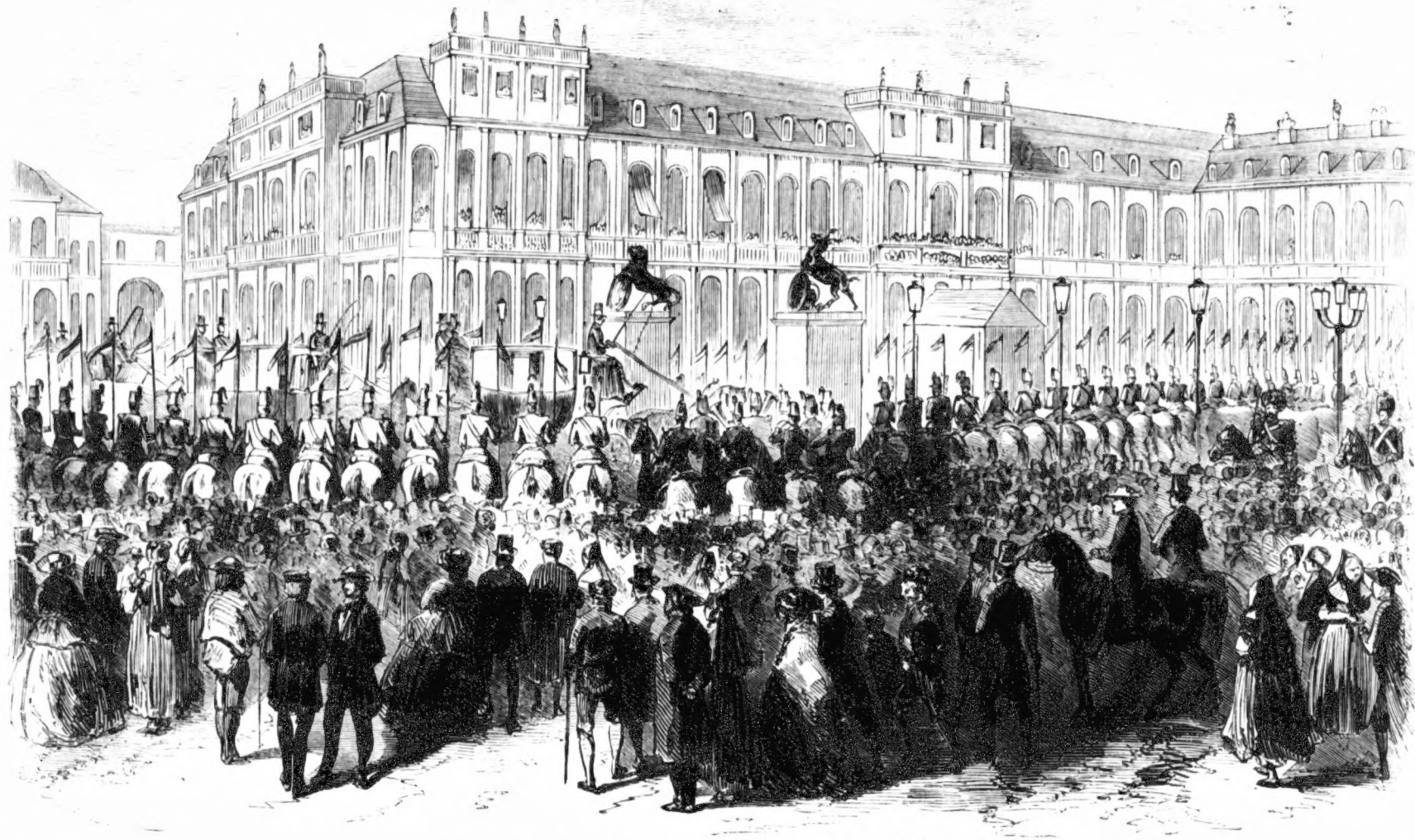
Contemporaneously with the mereing, we gave a true history of all that took place, or rather all that was known to have taken place; how on the 25th of September the Emperor of the French arrived at Stuttgart, at the railway station of which city he was received by the aged King of Wurtemberg, and rewarded his Majesty's courtesy with an embrace. How then the King conducted the Emperor to the palace, and introduced him to the Queen and others of the Royal family. A most immediately afterwards the folding-doors of the apartment where all this occurred were thrown open, and the next day was accomplished. Our readers are aware that all sorts of absurd stories were afloat as to the amount of thought and preparation that had been given to the arrangement of the first interview, so that the dignity of either Emperor should be fully regarded, and their respective positions in Europe maintained. To this end, we were told, their Majesties entered the room at precisely the same moment, and, with an equal number of strides, advanced exactly into the centre of the floor, where they clasped hands upon an equal footing. Nothing of the kind. The French Emperor made haste to greet his brother, and convinced him of his fraternal sentiments before Alexander had taken three steps into the room—exactly as represented in our engraving. "They shook hands very cordially, and their countenances were made to express the greatest gratification at their meeting; and they thus withdrew into a private room, remote from eyes profane," where, therefore, we cannot follow them.

We have already mentioned the festivities which celebrated the interview. One only was left with small record—but then that was a *volksfest*, a mere people's festival. But the Emperors honoured it with their presence; and, repenting, we give it the honours of pictorial illustration.

The Wurtemberg *volksfest* is always held at Cannstatt on the day after the King's birthday; and at all times this night, which is kept among all classes in Stuttgart and the neighbourhood as a grand high day and holiday, is worth any visitor's while going to see. This *volksfest* is in our vernacular an agricultural show, for the main object of it, under ordinary circumstances, is to be an exhibition of agricultural implements and produce, fruits, flowers, hoes, oxen, sheep, and swine, and a distribution of prizes to those fortunate peasant competitors, to whom special committees for each of the classes of produce have adjudged them. The whole closes with a race.

On this august occasion two Emperors, a King, a Crown Prince, and several other Royal personages were added to the show which they went to see. Their combined suites met at one of the loveliest points on the way to Cannstatt. Two caavaades of brilliant cavaliers, comprising all that is most grateful to the eye in the way of military pomp and luxury of dress, and arms, and horses, meeting in that beautiful scenery, under the clear vault of blue, was a glorious spectacle, one that gained rather than lost by the confusion introduced into the groups by the struggle who should excel in the courtesy of yielding precedence. On this as on every other occasion the Emperor Alexander insisted on the Emperor Napoleon's taking precedence, as he was, in fact, the senior every way. The two *caavaades* at length commingled, after an endless amount of caracoling and rearing, and reining and spurring, and the combined cavalcade proceeded to the scene of the exhibition, preceded by the mounted Yeomanry of Stuttgart. The universal shouting and cheering that ensued on this pompous cavalcade entering the race-course—how thousands of hands and handkerchiefs were set in action at once, together with the throats and lungs of the assembled spectators, and how all the bands of music stationed around the course began playing simultaneously all the different national anthems of the nationalities present, cannot be described. We must refer our readers to the pictures, and conclude.

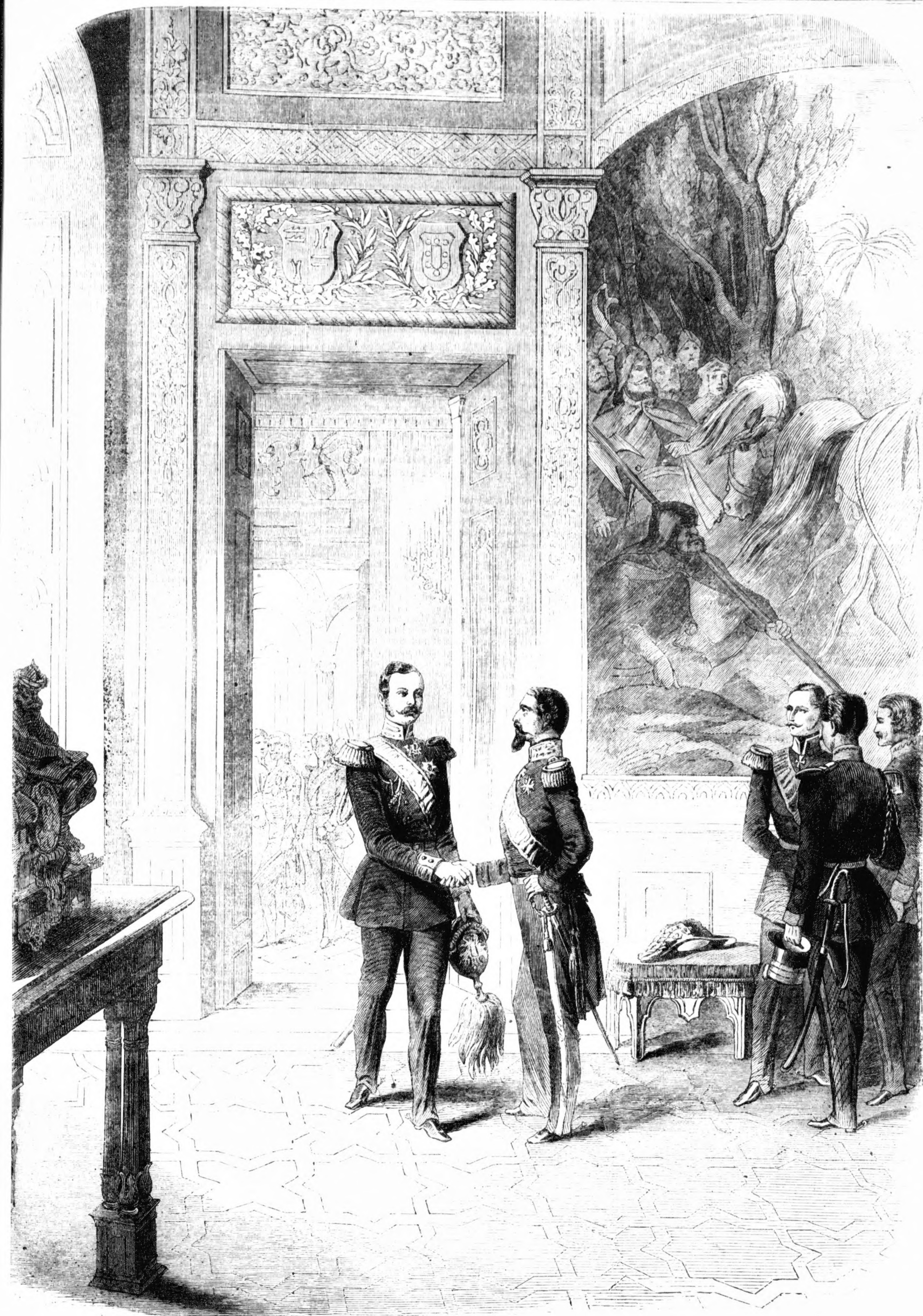
SIR JOHN LAWRENCE is to be promoted to the first-class (Grand Cross) of the Order of the Bath.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE PALACE AT STUTTGARD.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPERORS NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AND THE KING OF WURTEMBERG AT CANNSTATT.



MEETING OF THE EMPERORS NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT STUTTGARD, SEPTEMBER 25.

THE COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

SUSPENSION OF THE BANK CHARTER ACT.

THE Bank of England this week suspended its rate of discount to ten per cent., and so great was the pressure that, on Thursday, the Bank Charter Act was suspended. The Bank is thus allowed by Government to issue an excess of notes not defined in value, and a promise is given that a bill of indemnity will be introduced in the next session of Parliament to free the Bank from the consequences of its conduct, should it be necessary to take a further step of the kind.

Several important failures have occurred.

On the 9th the Western Bank of Scotland suspended payment. The suspension was not altogether unexpected, for it caused great dismay nevertheless. The bank did not in the least lose its credit in Glasgow, and had about a hundred branches scattered over Scotland. Its deposits are very large, amounting, it is said, to between five and six millions sterling. There cannot be any eventual loss, as the proprietors contain many of the wealthiest men in Scotland, some of whom are believed to be worth about a million sterling. The directors themselves enjoy the holders of notes of the bank not to part with them at a discount, as full payment will ultimately be made. It appears that for some years past, under the late manager, a system of overtrading had been carried on through the facilities afforded by the system of rediscounting. Reckless credits were given to customers in Glasgow, and a correspondent in New York was allowed to make advances on securities and to draw bills on the bank. Later, on an investigation being instituted into some of the largest of these accounts, it was found that the houses to which they had been made were utterly insolvent, and that a large loss to the bank was inevitable. The debtors went into bankruptcy, the American promissory notes came on at the same time, deposits began to be withdrawn, and, finally, when the hour of pressure arrived, the firms in London who had hitherto promoted the financial system of the concern, suddenly found it expedient to discontinue the rediscounts on which it had relied. Application for assistance was then made to the Bank of Scotland. The Bank of Scotland consulted the other Edinburgh Banks and the Union Bank of Scotland, who declined granting any aid until an appeal had been made to the Bank of England. The Bank of England, of course, refused to interfere. The Scotch banks then offered £500,000, but on condition that a winding up should take place. This was peremptorily resisted, and the £500,000 was ultimately granted without condition. During the delay, however, many of the customers of the bank had begun to withdraw their deposits, and an application for further assistance was soon found necessary. This met with a decided negative, and the stoppage accordingly took place.

The City of Glasgow Bank has also stopped payment, with a capital of £1,000,000, a reserved fund of £90,000, and 96 branches.

Several London houses have broken. Among those we may instance Messrs. Beacock, Tauntman, and Co., engaged in the silk trade, whose liabilities range from £200,000 to £300,000, and it is feared their fall will involve that of four or five firms with which they were connected. Naylor, Vickers, and Co., of Sheffield, have failed for nearly £500,000; Messrs. Broadway and Barclay, East India agents, for about £180,000; and Messrs. Babcock and Co., for about £300,000. We also observe the suspension of the London discount house of Messrs. Sanderson, Sandeman, and Co., with liabilities for three or three and a-half millions, believed, however, to be amply secured by commercial bills and the property of the firm.

But the most notable suspension is that of Messrs. Dennistoun, Cross, and Co., of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, who have failed with enormous liabilities; they are variously estimated at from one to two millions. At the commencement of the present year, it is said, the firm had an available balance of £90,000.

Messrs. Dennistoun were largely interested in the Liverpool Borough Bank. A meeting of the shareholders of this bank has been held, at which it was unanimously resolved to wind up, and then register under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act of last session.

The mercantile men of Glasgow have sent a deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the purpose of obtaining a suspension of the Bank Act, in which they are not likely to succeed.

THE ACCIDENT AT THE LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.

AN inquest has been held on the body of John Donovan, who died of injuries received in the attempt to launch the *Leviathan* last week.

John Donovan, it appears, was seventy-five years of age. The cause of his death we have already explained. Mr. Brunel, who gave evidence at the inquest, thus described it:—

"The machinery consisted mainly of two hydraulic presses, one at each launching way; one was a 10 inch press, the other a 12 inch. The pressure used could not have exceeded 100 tons at one, and 150 at the other. At each launching way was also a powerful chain tackle of 24 inches, and weighing about 5 cwt. a fathom, wound round a large drum, eight feet long, and eight feet in diameter, with powerful breaks. Besides this there were large chains for the ship, fore and aft, carried off to moored barges, and then brought back to the shore and worked round windlasses by steam-engines. There were also powerful purchases in the barges worked by steam, to assist in case they were required; but they were not used. Attached to the great drums were clicking chains with some ordinary wheel work and handles, which had been used for winding the chain on the drum, and were kept on for the purpose of unwinding the drum, if the ship should not move easily; and to each drum there was at some distance behind an ordinary crab, with a rope tackle to assist in overhauling the great chain, in the event of the ship not moving and our wishing to slack. The operations which I directed to take place, and which led to the accident, were as follows:—I directed a certain length of each chain to be eased out from each drum, and the breaks to be put gently on the drums. A light strain was then put upon the two presses, and a small strain brought to bear on the tackle on the wind ends of the ship. As soon as the pressure from the fore presses came on, the ship moved more freely than I had calculated upon, and the pressure on the breaks was barely sufficient; that on the foremost drum was just sufficient, and checked the ship, and but for the accident at the other end we should probably have gone on properly. But the foremost drum was at rather the heaviest end of the ship; the pressure on the break was barely sufficient—was not sufficient—and the sudden strain upon the chain moved the big drum a little beyond the slack which had been given out, and by the jerk made these handles revolve rapidly (the decreased being thrown eight feet into the air). Four men had hold of the handles at the time. Ten men properly belonged to these handles, of whom deceased was not one; and the bulk of three men had withdrawn from the handles as directed. I ascribe the accident to the ship having moved more freely than we had expected."

It further appeared that the unfortunate man was not appointed to assist at the drums; his business was to attend at some other and simpler operations hard by. Several workmen gave it as their opinion that the occurrence was strictly accidental; and a verdict in accordance with this evidence was returned.

EMBEZZLING £15,000.—William Jackson Wright is charged with embezzling from his master, Mr. Chassereau, of Finsbury Park, City, the sum of £15,000. The accused is described as being thirty-six years of age, five feet seven inches high, light brown hair and whiskers, the latter meeting under his neck. He is rather corpulent and round shouldered, and stoops when walking. He is described as being a perfect linguist, and is very gentlemanly in his appearance and manners.

FLOGGING BRITISH SOLDIERS.—Cornelius O'Brien, a private in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, was condemned to receive fifty lashes for theft. The troops were paraded to witness the execution of the sentence; a file of men was sent to escort him from the guard-room, when it was discovered that he had escaped. He was recaptured, however, before he had enjoyed many hours of liberty, and the sentence was immediately after carried out. He is now in hospital; when he recovers, he will be tried for the attempt to escape.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The number of accidents to trains on all the railways open for traffic in England and Wales Scotland and Ireland, from the 1st of January to the 30th of June, 1857, was 32; the number of persons killed, 13; injured, 295; servants or company killed, 6; ditto injured, 20—total of persons killed, 20; injured, 315. Fourteen of the accidents arose from collision of passenger trains, 9 from trains running off the rails, 4 from boilers bursting, 4 from wheels striking, and 1 from running into a side. Of those killed or injured, 31 suffered from causes beyond control, and 82 from want of caution, or misconduct.

THE JUDGES have fixed the following days for holding the sessions of the Central Criminal Court for the ensuing year:—1857—November 23, December 14, 1856—January 4, February 1 and 22, April 5, May 10, June 14, July 5, August 16, September 20, and October 25.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. ASHERSTON.—We would recommend our correspondent to communicate the particulars of his invention to a scientific journal. Our space does not admit of our taking up such a subject.

H.—Our article does not state that Evans's letter was published in the columns of the "Times"; it was, nevertheless, "published," in a legal sense, by being shown to the "Times" City Correspondent. This might, however, have been expressed less ambiguously.

INDIGNS.—We do not answer legal questions under any circumstances, and it is also our rule not to give advice or information on matters of individual interests.

W. WHIGMAN.—We thought by this time that every one knew all about the discussions on the word "Telegram," which have recently appeared in the daily papers. We have adopted the word from the French, who have adapted it from the Greek—according to Cambridge scholars, very inaccurately.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

THE INDIAN NEWS.

THE anxiously expected telegram has come at last, and its news is at once glorious and sad. We have effectively conquered Delhi, and captured or shot the Royal family; but our loss has been tremendous. We have relieved Lucknow, but Neill is dead; and the gallant Nicholson, one of the heroes of the whole struggle, has gone to his grave. For the rest, the mutiny does not spread; where a spark or two appears they are tramped out, and India is saved to the British people. It is a brief narrative, full of terror and blood, and sorrow and glory.

The immense loss will not fail to make a profound impression on the public. The task of occupying with a small army that impetuous town—seven miles in circumference, with a population of more than 200,000, and held by an army of a six days' work. But the loss stated in the telegram—61 officers, and 1,178 men—was the loss of the 14th ult.—the day of the surrender. We fear that the subsequent days of street-fighting must have swelled this list, and that more losses even than these will have to be deplored. Our force was a handful compared to that of the enemy, a drop, and has achieved such a work as the world has rarely seen. Their exploit will be felt with a shudder throughout Asia, and settles for ever the question of the capability of the Indian people to resist our arms. What the extent of the chastising may have been we can guess; the mind refuses to grasp the image of carnage and spoliation, of terror and despair. But when the breast is filled from the agitation which such pictures awaken in human eyes, the understanding is compelled to admit that it is a great act of public justice that has been done on that polluted city. If any of these bloody villains may fairly be offered to appease the manes of the loved and lost English women and children whom they defiled and tortured within those walls. Not a vein of any true man's heart will give one throb in sympathy with the agony of their guilty souls.

The fate of that poor old man of ninety, whom they called their "King," has indeed something about it which touches the imagination painfully. It recalls the Priam of classic antiquity. Captured by a cavalry officer, Captain Hodgson—unknown before to fame—the wretched old man must almost have witnessed the violent death (at the same hands) of his sons and of his grandson. But their lot excites no compassion. The leaders of murderers, they became responsible for their crimes, and it is right that they should share their doom. If, as we presume, Captain Hodgson died on his own responsibility to execute these personages, we think the people of England ought to thank him for that service, and prepare to throw their shield over him in case the act should expose him to obloquy and oppression. With a Canning out there, and with admirers of a Canning at home, who know what value a man and a spurs' philanthropist may take of this act of ready violence? Had these princes been opposed to the old Romans as they have been to us, each of them would have been carried off in a triumphal procession, and put to death in a hall, while the conquering general was a banquet. They have had an honorable and a glorious death—like Marston or Ny—had, if they had had one spark of the spirit of their ancestors, would have sought a nobler one on the ramparts. Who shall say that our age does not bleed romance with its practicality, when it cuts in such a manner the threads of lives coming from Tamerlane? It is a doom that would have inspired the chorus of a Greek tragedy to utter one of its noblest poetic wails.

The other facts of the telegram on which we are writing are brief—but indeed it is brief altogether—and we must console ourselves with what is satisfactory in it. The relief of Lucknow rolls away a load from the English heart; the predatory movements in the Punjab are said to have been crushed wherever they began; Madras troops have been fighting well against mutineers at one place; and a Bombay spasm of disaffection was speedily allayed at another. No new terror has arisen. Against these cheering circumstances we must, indeed, put deaths of the great, and losses amongst the brave; but these men died to produce the success which their countrymen are hailing; and the world recognises no more honourable end.

FEUDAL LAWS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is a class of persons, becoming every day less numerous, but yet mildly flourishing, whose pride it is to live solely in the past. They despise any history of more modern date than that of the Crusades; they flush with anger when the "groans of existing Toryism" are spoken of; they sigh for the brave old days of knights and squares, jousts and tournaments; of the ordeal by fire, and the trial by battle. Their favourite books are the "Titles of Honour" and the "Mirror of Herdery." To them the sunset is "gules," the sky "azure," the meadow "verdant," the night "sable," the dawn "argent," the noontide "or," the birds of the air and the beasts of the field "volant," "regardant," "rampant," "comitant," and "couchant." They look upon our modern institutions—political, legal, and social—through a jealously feudal medium, and would gladly see revived vassalage and socage, the glorious baronial rights of pit and gallows, infang theof and outfang-theof, the *droit de seigneur*, and the *droit de jamber*.

We have a very great tenderness, almost amounting to respect, for these tenacious sliders by old world prejudices; conscious as we are how much of real honour and generosity, of courage and a self-denial, of absence from meanness and fraud, entered into the chivalrous fictions of the middle ages. Somehow or other, however, feudalism will not work in the nineteenth century. Its doctrines are excluded; they are antithetical to our modern observances and ideas. Yet it is astonishing to find what vitality dwells even in the *disjecta membra* of mediævality—how much is yet muscular and vascular on the seemingly dry bones of chivalry.

I say illustration be needed to prove this position, let our readers study the different history of Mr. Patch, a British subject, who since the 24th day of October, 1845, has been confined in the jail of the Island of Jersey for a debt of £19 2s. sterling under a warrant called an *ordre procuration*, which appears to be based upon the "ancient customs of Normandy," that traditionally litigious province; in other words, upon Feudalism. We assure that we shall delight our heraldic readers by transcribing literally the astonishing document, by virtue, or by vice, of which a British subject—one of Lord Palmerston's *cives Romani*—has been incarcerated for twelve years in a Jersey prison. "Mr. Philip Le Boulanger," says the *ordre procuration*, "is allowed by the Court to cause to be seized and attached, and even sequestrated of record, the most avaricious goods of his debtor, and to deliver the capital and stock, to be applied in payment of what shall be found to be well and justly due to him. As regards his ransom and exorbitant persons, he may cause to be taken their goods, ships, and merchandise, or even themselves in person, if they do not provide for their engagements, promises in writing under their hands, debts and undertakings, or if they do not give sufficient security to meet the same; the which shall be executed by the vicomte, or one of the denouciateurs of the Court, or in his absence by the vicomte, or one of the denouciateurs of the Court, saving reasons to the contrary."

"Saving reasons to the contrary," Mr. Patch was arrested on this incomprehensible piece of balderdash; and although our feudal friends may be delighted at this resurrection of the "ancient customs of Normandy"—with the "vicomte" and the "denouciateurs," the "contradictors," the persons "exorbitant," and the generous authorisation to Mr. Philip Le Boulanger to seize anybody anywhere, which pleasantly recalls the days of John Wikes and the general warrants—we ourselves think it "too strong" (to quote Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort) that any British man should be so, for such a term of years, and for such a paltry sum, mewed up in an island under the sway of Queen Victoria.

The unhappy Mr. Patch made, on Saturday last, through his agent, Mr. Bullar, an application to the Court of Common Pleas for a writ of *habeas corpus*, in order that his lamentable case might at least be heard; but, in consequence of some informalities in the affidavit, the writ did not issue. The Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and his learned colleagues, appeared to be as puzzled as they were scandalised at the anomalous and unjust state of things disclosed; nor was the matter made much clearer by a certain "expert" in the laws of Jersey who was present, and whose definition of the law of Jersey seemed to be that there was no law at all in that island of cheap brandy and green cigars. It was, however, elicited during the proceedings that the arrest by mesne process was not legal in Jersey, save on bills of exchange or promissory notes, and that Mr. Patch's debt of £19 2s. was a book-debt. Furthermore, it was stated that if even the "ancient customs of Normandy" warranted the provisional arrest of an "exorbitant" person, Mr. Patch had resided in Jersey two years, and as a British subject was clearly a resident in that island. The most painful part of the matter, that the unfortunate captive has become blind during his imprisonment, and that it is feared, should it be much longer continued, that his life will be endangered.

Whatever decision the judges of the land may come to in this case, it may be permitted to us to hope that the "Patch" affair will be about the last we shall hear of the "ancient customs of Normandy." "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away," and Mr. Matthew Higgins has shown the death of the infamous Palace Court. The flagrant remnant of feudal tyranny just brought to light, will we trust, cause its speedy demolition, and the assimilation of the law of Jersey to that of the rest of the empire.

THE WIFE PANIC IN AMERICA.

IT is some time since Mr. Barnum has been seen in this country, but if he has not finally retired into private life, and is not afraid to cross the Atlantic during the stormy season, we can tell him of a speculation by which he can make his fortune, and, at the same time, without incurring any very appreciable risk. The speculation we wish to suggest to him is an exhibition of the simplest nature, accompanied by a lecture which might be delivered by almost anyone. The exhibition to be that of an American lady of fashion—the lecture to be delivered by her husband.

The accounts which reach us every week from the United States represent the American lady of the present day in such extraordinary colours, that the people on this side of the Atlantic are really becoming very anxious to see one. The New York ladies, we are informed, wear, in perambulating the streets, dresses which are intended only to be displayed in carriages. This pleasant custom appears to originate, not in the love, but the rage for equality, which exist among our Transatlantic friends. The lady who is walking about all day thinks she has as much right to wear an eight-guinea satin dress as the one who drives proudly down the fifth, sixth, or seventh avenue (whichever the fashionable one happens to be) in an aristocratic *barnacle*.

The right claimed by the fair pedestrians is one which it would be impossible to deny. It is like the undoubted right possessed by men to walk about the streets with spurs in their boot-heels and riding-whips in their hands, when they have no intention of mounting a horse—at all events, not until the spurs have been removed.

Hitherto we have been treating the great question of woman's dress in America merely as one of taste; but it involves other considerations. Our readers are aware that the present state of the American money-market (of which the most remarkable feature is the total absence of money) is attributed to the extravagance of the virgins and matrons of New York, and the other cities in the United States which imitate New York, as New York itself is said to imitate the Notre Dame-de-Lorette quarter of Paris.

The New York ladies have, it is true, found a champion, who demonstrates, as clearly as possible, that for every three families in the country possessing an income of two hundred a year and upwards, only one silk dress is purchased annually. We do not mean to say that three families are in the habit of clubbing together to buy a silk dress (although we have our suspicions); but simply that for every three thousand families enjoying a competency, or more than a competency, only a thousand silk dresses are purchased each year. The figure seems to us remarkably moderate, especially when we consider in what elaborate toilettes the American ladies are in the habit of appearing at the breakfast-table. Indeed we are forced after all, by the statistics before us, to conclude, either that the morning silks of America must be, to say the least, "seedy," a majority of them being necessarily one and two years old; or that the same dress is worn successively by three ladies, one of whom gets up to breakfast, while the other two remain in bed until their turn arrives.

One thing is very certain, that one, if not more, of the American journalists who have lately devoted themselves with so much energy to the question of women's dress in the United States, have been guilty of gross misrepresentation. On one side, we are told that the women have been guilty of the most reckless extravagance; on the other, we are assured that they have literally "no thing to wear."

Perhaps the true solution of the difficulty will as usual be found between the two extremes. We imagine the American ladies spend so much on their personal adornment, that occasionally it happens to them to have no money left for the most necessary articles of costume. There are men in London who spend so much on champagne, that they are scarcely able to pay their butchers and bakers; and perhaps there are ladies in New York who run up such heavy bills at their jewellers, that they have nothing left for investing in such ordinary things as silk dresses.

But, however this may be, we should certainly like to see one of these

But woe to the bell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY FOES,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE RED THEREOF."





LADIES! REMEMBER THE BABIES!

Literature.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, &c. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L., &c. London: Murray.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, whose account of his travels and discoveries in Africa is at length published, is descended from an ancestor who for many generations were farmers in Ulva, one of the Hebrides. The grandfather of the Doctor was driven by stress of fortune to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where he and his sons were employed in the plantations, a large cotton manufactory on the Clyde. Dr. Livingstone's uncles, when grown up, all entered her Majesty's service, either as soldiers or sailors; but his father remained at home, and carried on business in a humble way as a tea-dealer. At ten years old our traveller was employed in the factory as a pincer; and at this early age the energy of his character, which has since made him so famous, began to show itself, for with part of his first week's wages he bought Rudinow's "Rudiments of Latin," and began at once to study that language. He was a student in his self-education by an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten; and by diligent attendance at this, reading while he was at work, and working at his dictionary and grammar when other boys played or were in bed, he was enabled to read Horace and Virgil at sixteen. Dr. Livingstone's ancestors were members of the Kirk of Scotland, but his father in middle life seceded, and joined an Independent Church at Hamilton, of which he became deacon. The family of the Livingstones, for many generations, were a pious, honest race—very much like the family which Burns has described in his "Cotter's Saturday Night"—living by their labour; and each generation handing down to the next the simple but invaluable heritage of a manly and pious integrity; and the outcome of all this is the celebrated missionary traveller whose book lies before us. Early in life young Livingstone's attention was drawn to the subject of missions to the heathen, and a fervent desire grew up in his heart to become a pioneer for Christianity in China. At nineteen he was promoted to cotton-spinning. The labour was hard, but it was profitable; and the manner in which he spent his wages shows how strong was his desire to acquire knowledge, for instead of wasting his money, as most young men do, he worked in summer at his trade, and in the winter supported himself by his earnings, while he attended medical and Greek classes at Glasgow, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. At length he was admitted as a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and considering himself qualified for his proposed career, he began to think of entering upon it. But just then the opium war was raging, and it was impossible to carry out his intention to go to China. He was therefore sent to Africa as a missionary, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. He embarked in 1840, and left Africa in 1856, and the book now published records the wonderful discoveries which he made in the interior of Africa in that interval of sixteen years. Dr. Livingstone's "station" was Kolobeng, about 200 miles north of Kuruman, where the venerable Robert Moffat resides, and about 1,000 miles from Cape Town. Here our traveller built him a house, where he resided for seven years, married Dr. Moffat's daughter, and assiduously laboured as a missionary. "What his success was in converting the heathen he does not tell us; but of one thing we may be sure, that he left them better than he found them. For a man who, in addition to teaching the sublimest truths, could build a house, weld iron, knew the arts of carpentering and gardening, and whose wife could make soap, candles, and clothes, could hardly reside seven years amongst the lowest savages without leaving behind him a blessing. And besides, Dr. Livingstone held very enlightened views as to the duties of a missionary, as the following passage from his book will show:—"Sending the Gospel to the heathen must include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary, namely, a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to, as this more speedily than anything else demolishes that sense of isolation which heathenism engenders, and makes the tribes feel themselves mutually dependent on and mutually beneficial to each other." And lower down he says—"Neither civilisation nor Christianity can be promoted alone." It was on his journey to Kolobeng, to settle there, that Dr. Livingstone had his rencontre with a lion, which was very near cutting short his career at the beginning. The following is his own account of this adventure:—

"We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mbebiwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mbebiwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it, but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakata had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man to-day, let us go to him.' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erect in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growing horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The snake anaesthetised fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and it is, as a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mbebiwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mbebiwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mbebiwe. He left Mbebiwe, and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets had receded took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his proximate cause of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakata on the following day made a large bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

It was on the 1st of June, 1849, that Dr. Livingstone started northward in company with Messrs. Oswell and Murray on his first journey of discovery. Their object was to find the great Lake Ngami, which reports from the natives confidently affirmed existed on the other side of the great desert of Kolobeng, but which no European had ever seen. The travellers soon after starting entered the desert, skirted its western edge, and after great hardship came on the 4th of July to the River Zouga, which the friendly natives told them came out of the Ngami, and on the 1st of August stood on the banks of this magnificent body of water. From Kolobeng to the Ngami is 300 miles. The lake is 2,000 feet above the sea, and its circumference is from 70 to 100 miles. This was Dr. Livingstone's first discovery, and when the news of it reached England, it created a great sensation, and the Royal Geographical Society awarded to Dr. Livingstone "half the Royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science." We have no space to describe the long and wearisome march through the desert, with its varied incidents and startling novelties. For a full description of what our enterprising traveller did and saw—the natives, the magnificent herbage, the vast herds of game, not pheasants and partridges, but such game as Gordon Cunnings shoots—we must refer our readers to the book itself. We will, however, just say, by way of stimulating their curiosity, that we are constantly meeting with such passages as these:—"We found elephants in prodigious numbers." "We saw specimens of the straight-horned rhinoceros." "We discovered

an entirely new species of antelope." And then what do our youthful readers think of this?—"Mr. Oswell has been known to kill four large old elephants in one day."

The natives manage to snare immense herds of buffaloes, antelopes, &c., by means of what are called game traps. These are large pits, to which there is a lane formed by timber and bushes piled up. This lane is wide at the mouth, and narrows towards the pit. The country is cleared around by the natives for game, which is driven into this lane. As the lane is a mile long, and a mile wide at the mouth a great quantity of game is collected, and stimulated by the shouts of the natives, rushes onwards and onwards, more frightened and swift as it advances, until at last it tumbles headlong pell-mell into the pit. The game consists of buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, hartbeests, rhinoceroses, &c., which congregate in large numbers near Kolobeng, where these traps are constructed.

In the following year Dr. Livingstone started again—and this time with his wife and children—to the newly-discovered region, with the hope of reaching the dominions of a celebrated friendly chief, named Sebitane, but he was unexpectedly stopped on his way by the prevalence of fever, and by a still more formidable enemy in the shape of a fly. This insect is called "the tsetse." Its bite is perfectly harmless to men, wild animals, and to calves whilst sucking; but to oxen, cows, horses, and dogs it is always fatal. On one of his journeys Dr. Livingstone lost forty-three fine oxen from the bite of this dreadful little pest. It is about the size of the house-fly. Fortunately the places which it frequents are well defined and may be ascertained, otherwise it would be an effectual barrier to all travelling in those regions, excepting on foot.

Our indefatigable traveller set out upon his third journey in the spring of 1851, and he had the good fortune to make the discovery, in the centre of the African continent, of the noble river Zambesi, which falls into the Mozambique Channel. Great was his delight when he saw this magnificent stream, from 300 to 500 yards broad, with its high banks and rolling waves, in a land which our maps had taught us hitherto was an arid desert. And be it remembered that this was not a mere waste of waters, but a mighty artery, supplying life to the population of Central Africa, and capable of bearing ships for several hundred miles of its course.

Dr. Livingstone now determined to devote his time and energies still further to the work of exploring the *terra incognita* of the African continent; and having gained permission of the directors of the Missionary Society so to do, he went to the Cape, and despatched his wife and family to England, and then, in the beginning of June, 1852, commenced his last and longest journey—and what a journey that was, let the reader pause and imagine. It occupied four years! It extended from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loando, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and then across South Central Africa, in an oblique direction, to Quimane on the eastern coast. The distance is over 3,000 miles—three thousand miles of country that presents almost every imaginable form of hindrance, and over he greater part of which no European had trodden before—and our traveller had no European with him. To follow Dr. Livingstone through this long track is, with our limited space, impossible. All we can do is just to give a few extracts by way of tasters. These will induce many of our readers to turn to the volume itself. Our extracts are not all taken from the history of this last journey.

ACCOUNT OF A BUFFALO HUNT.

"Oswell and I (Mr. Vardon) were riding this afternoon along the banks of the Limpopo, when a water buck started in front of us. I dismounted, and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up, and, after going a little distance, stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from the two-cartridge crashed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed as soon as I had reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffaloes, and gaining on him at every stride, three lions leapt on the unfortunate brute; he belloved most lustily as he kept up a kind of running fight; but he was of course soon overpowered and killed. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions on their hind legs tearing away with teeth and claws in most ferocious style. We crept up within thirty yards, and, kneeling down, threw a stone at the lion. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One lion fell dead a most on the buffalo; he had merely time to turn towards us, seize a bush with his teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws. The second made off immediately; and the third raised his head, coolly looked round for a moment, then went on tearing and biting at the carcass as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load; then again advanced and fired. The lion made off, but a ball that he received ought to have stopped him, as it went clean through his shoulder blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. It is not often that one bags a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes. It was an exciting adventure, and I shall never forget it."

ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR.

"The hot dry wind of the desert is in such an electric state that a bunch of ostrich feathers held a few seconds against it, becomes as strong as charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and claps the advancing hand with a sharp crackling sound. "When this hot wind is blowing, and even at other times, the peculiarly strong electrical state of the atmosphere causes the movement of a native in his kaross to produce therein a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was while a chief was travelling with me in my wagon. Seeing part of the fur of his mantle, which was exposed to slight friction by the movement of the wagon, assume quite a luminous appearance, I rubbed it smartly with the hand, and found it readily gave out bright sparks, accompanied with distinct cracks. 'Don't you see this?' said I. 'The white men did not show us this,' he replied; 'we had it long before white men came into the country, we and our forefathers of old.'"

BOAT CAPSIZED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

"I left Naliele on the 15th of August, and when proceeding along the shore at midday, a hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one-half of it quite out of the water, so as nearly to overturn it. The force of the butt she gave tilted Mbebiwe out into the river; the rest of us sprang to the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, I saw her come to the surface a short way off, and look to the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. It was a female whose young one had been speared the day before. No damage was done except wetting persons and goods. This is so unusual an occurrence when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that my men exclaimed, 'Is the beast mad?' There were eight of us in the canoe at the time, and the snake it received shows the immense power of this animal in the water."

THE CHIEF OF THE MAKOLOLO.

"Sebiwane was about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk colour, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other chief I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony, for, unlike Mosekatle, Phingam, and others, he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said, 'What is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge.' So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking, he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say, 'Ah, you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire.' This was the signal for his immediate execution."

AN ADVENTURE WITH BUFFALOES.

"The bush being very dense and high, we were going along among the trees, when three buffaloes, which we had unconsciously passed above the wind, thought that they were surrounded by men, and dashed through our line. My ox set off at a gallop, and when I could manage to glance back I saw one of the men up in the air about five feet above a buffalo, which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When I got back to the poor fellow, I found that he had alighted on his face, and although he had been carried on the horns of the buffalo about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced, nor was a bone broken. When the beast appeared, he had thrown down his head, and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and, before he could use a tree for defence, carried him off. We surrounded him well, and then went on, and in about a week he was able to engage in the hunt again."

We had marked other incidents for notice, but our space is filled. Dr. Livingstone apologises in his preface for his want of practice in composition, but there was no occasion for this. The book is well written, and is a most valuable addition to the class to which it belongs; and he that does not read it with no less interest, and rise from its perusal with feelings of admiration for its author, is certainly deserving of our pity.

AN EXPERIMENT has been made at Moscow with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rails as they advanced. The experiment perfectly succeeded. The author of the invention is a trader of Moscow, named Prokhoroff.

THE OPERA BUFFA AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THE lovers of something new should go to the St. James's Theatre, where, besides hearing Italian opera in the winter—in it-elt a novelty—they will find singers with whom they are utterly unacquainted; and music which they certainly never heard before, and which, as regards a large portion of it, they will not regret never to hear again. A present, we are speaking only of "Columella," an opera by the unknown Fioravanti, son of the Fioravanti of whom several persons in London have heard, but it must be distinctly understood that "Columella" is one of the most attractive operas in the repertoire, and also that the best singers did not make their appearance in that work—the one with which the season commenced.

The bills announce the first appearance in England of the Neapolitan Puleinella in a mask; but we think Puleinella, with or without his mask, will never be appreciated in this country; and the real source of attraction to the numerous audience which had assembled on the opening night, was to be found in the freshness of the entertainment generally. There is something to hear a new soprano, a new tenor, or even a new baritone in an old opera, or to hear a new opera excited throughout by our singers; but to have everything new at one and the same time, was an infallible means of securing a large audience; and this sufficiently accounts for the crowded state of St. James's Theatre on Tuesday evening.

We do not know whether the opera of "Columella" is regularly played in Italy; but we are quite sure that it will have no success in England. There is nothing very remarkable either in the music or the original work nor in that of the numerous interpolated pieces by Mercadante and others; and not only better singers than those at present performing at the St. James's Theatre, but even better singers, than any we are in the habit of hearing during the London season, would fail to make the pasticcio called "Columella" popular. The best music by far which the piece contains are the buffa compositions by the original composer. Some of these are very lively, and many of them are quite dramatic in their way; but the romances (with the exception of one by Mercadante for the tenor) are as rapid as can well be.

The strangest part of the whole business is that the story of this opera buffa is of the most serious kind, turning upon love, betrayal, despair, and madness. Nor are these tragic passions and situations treated in a burlesque style, as at the Bouffes Parisiens. On the contrary, the tenor and baritone are seriously in love with the same young lady (the prima donna, Fanciulla), and they hate one another and are ready to cut one another's throats, just as in an opera seria. We do not think the forgery of a letter by the tenor can, strictly speaking, be considered a comic incident; nor is there any genuine fun (although there is considerable novelty) in the fact that the tenor is a bad character, while the baritone is virtuous. The Ashton, in a moral sense, is quite an Elcardo, while the Elcardo of the story is far more villainous even than the hateful brother in the "Lucia."

The really humorous part of the opera does not begin until after the hero—the baritone—has gone raving mad. His servant, Puleinella (the Sganarelle of the old French comedy, and the Parrot of the modern French pantomime) goes to the asylum, and the lunatics, dressed in white like himself, but with horribly suggestive belts round their waists, come out to him, salute him in their grotesque style, and ultimately favour him with an orchestral performance. Puleinella, like Leporello (or Sganarelle in Mozart's version of "Don Juan"), is a terrible coward, and the tears of the terrified buffoon are well depicted by Signor Carrione, who is certainly a buffoon of genius, though the music which covers the upper part of his face gives him a strange snake-like appearance, which can never be pleasing except to those who have been trained from early youth to think it agreeable.

However, while accusing Puleinella of cowardice, we must admit that he really has something to be afraid of. The cadence of the lunatic orchestra is the wildest *chef imaginable*. The chief violin is, even more insane than his leader; the violinist turns his instrument round and round like a humming-top, playing now on the strings, now on the body of the instrument, and again, attempting to extract sound from the neck, or from the little peg on which it stands. Words are wanting to describe the grotesque execution of the trombonists, the trumpeters, and the rest of the instrumental crew. Suffice it to say, that Puleinella himself plays the bell, first testing its power as a wind instrument, then performing on it as a violin, until, finally, he uses it as an instrument of percussion, and raises such a din as ought to have satisfied the madmen that their visitor was at least as great a maniac as themselves.

The music which accompanies and illustrates the mad-house scene is lively and dramatic; but we cannot say the scene itself pleases us. We have described it simply and fairly as it takes place, and we will now add, that such a scene in an English play would so offend the audience, that the piece containing it would inevitably be damned. We do not think a cripple or a deaf-mute fit objects for mirth; and the position of the insane is of course infinitely sadder than that of any sufferer from physical infirmities. However, to a Southern who is contented to take the liveliest possible view of life, and who, therefore, never troubles himself to look beneath the surface, when the surface is agreeable and amusing, such a scene as that of Puleinella in the lunatic asylum must be extremely entertaining.

The vocalists, without being great singers, execute their music very efficiently; and in scenes where volubility is required, Signor Carrione, the buffo, is admirable, while his pantomime is excellent throughout. Madame Fanciulla is a fluent and sometimes a brilliant singer, but her voice is not of a very sympathetic order. We understand that the best vocalists of the St. James's troupe have not yet appeared, and this we can readily believe. We have no doubt that the performances will be altogether more attractive next week. If the manager would bring out such pieces as Ricci's "Sganarelle" (supposing that many such pieces are to be found, which we doubt), or the opera buffa which Verdi is said to have written ("Strodo," we believe, is its name), the theatre would be crowded to suffocation every evening; and every one knows that when a theatre is crowded to suffocation, not only the lessee, but even the audience themselves, are in a state of ecstasy.

FORBUNE AND MISFORTUNE.—A few months since, the partner of a commercial house in New York, was taken to a lunatic asylum, utterly unprepared, as was said, by his unparalleled prosperity in business. During the year previous his firm had cleared 1,800,000 dollars. He died in the asylum, and his own estate was valued at 2,500,000 dollars, all invested in the concern of which he was a partner. The firm itself failed the other day, and is now said to be utterly insolvent.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.—At a review in the Champs de Mars, Paris, a person physically took a handkerchief from a friend's pocket. At the same moment a man standing near him, slipped into his hand a snuff-box, saying, "I do not like to steal from colleagues." This snuff-box the suspected "colleague" perceived, to his astonishment, was his own. It was taken from his pocket only a few minutes before.

THE IMPERIAL MEETINGS.—The "Invalide Russe" favours us with its own explanation of the leading motive which impelled the Emperor to the two Imperial meetings at Stuttgart and Weimar:—"Universal peace—that was the object of the Emperor Alexander II's journey. People who want to upbraid the rencontre in Stuttgart will find the answer in the meeting at Weimar. At both places the object was not the formation of new alliances, but the attainment of personal approximation. Alliances are generally formed for some special definite object. The great mistake of the Holy Alliance was, that it was not based on any positive idea. This alliance, in spite of its magnificent programme, declared no war against Belgium when it separated itself from Holland; it entered on no conflict with the Revolution of July, and still less with that of February. The late meeting of the Emperor of Russia with the Emperor of the French shows most convincingly that the Holy Alliance which had taken upon itself to forego conclusions to prescribe a path to history, was a mere airy fabric of the brain, devoid of all practicable applicability. The Holy Alliance has been requested to the afterworld the conviction that monarchs and nations by no means stand in need of the creation of special obligations to be able to live quietly and peacefully together, and strive together for the development of civilisation. It is not till some one State or other, led astray by passion or by some false combination, seems about to encroach on the rights or the existence of other Powers, that a more intimate union among a few States, which find their advantage in combining their efforts to avert the danger, shows itself to be a necessity. And when this proximate object is attained, this special league blends in to that general alliance which is so absolutely necessary for the interests and the development of civilisation in all the nations of Europe."

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Continued from Page 315.)

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE.

Ten years. Time to make a fortune, to be beguiled, to grow gray, to write eulogies after one's name. Time to be in the commission of the peace for the liberties of the Fleet—if there were a Fleet, or liberties thereunto, now. Time to have a patent of nobility, or a ticket-of-leave. Time enough to die.

Ten years! Ten years is an age. Ten years is the last generation—or next. Ten years ago we went dipping; Plancus was con-ol; times were better, things were different—we were twenty-one, and lived in a street, and were happy in it. We believed in love, and phantoms; we were with ere ally to the whispers of fancy, and pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope believing that age would fulfil the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of to-day would be made up by to-morrow, and eating to be told anything about the history of Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia.

Ten years ago we were rich in verdant pastures, cornlands, and a Square Box that saw Ruth and Naomi come a gleaming. Now we have stubble on our chimneys, and corns upon our toes, putting our trust only in Mr. Esenbuck. I have often thought that were I not chained to this pen as Guzman d'Alfarache was to his, that I could put money in my purse, and get a foreign office passport through the kindness of the clerk from whom I have that large balance lying (I shall surely want a few more of you or a Panic to carry it away some day)—a passport valid for everywhere, I should like to go away for ten years—travelling anywhere; and only refraining from the perusal of newspapers, English or foreign; following even "Galignani" and the "Illustrated Times;" conversing with no men save waiters, barbers, shepherd, and flower-maidens; computing myself, *enfin*, like a Timon of Athens in broadcloth, lapidating my money as he came to bore me, and turning up my nose at Alcibiades, his wondrousness, his drums and his lies; and then, the next day, come straightway back to London Bridge to see how the English world was wagging, and what had become of all my friends. How many were dead, and how many were married? Who had emigrated to New Zealand, and had been scraped to death with oyster-shells or society, given by beat of tomtom at a palaver among the aborigines? How many were in Parliament, and how many in the "Gazette?" Who among those who were once prompt to borrow the lowly shilling, and not too proud to accept the twice-worn coat, had made large fortunes, and lived in Belgrave? Who of those who were wont to play Amphitryon to me, and elude me in I kept the bottle standing, were blue-eyed and dreamy-eyed, quite old and broken, in St. Pancras Workhouse. How many conceited young pretenders had burst like bubbles, and withered and grown haggard with too much lead eating, had gone through the Insolvent Court, bid a forced adieu to fine houses, grand company, and the Grimaldi Club, and subsided into shabby clerks, to potato-servants, and rusty-elbowed commission agents traveling in coats and corn? How many of the dear old I know now, smiling and blushing in their incoherent angling for that which Nature bids them fish for—saccharine—were become portly, strong, rosy mothers of sturdy little Gracchii, and intent no more on lower shows or St. Barnabas's church services, but absorbed in the vital question of the hancing of Alfred's gums, and grave with the responsibility of having Totty's ears pierced? I should like to go away so, for ten years, and coming back find you Eucanto, a millionaire; and you Saccharina, full of maternal cares; and you, chivalrous descendant of the Douglas and the Bruce, pitching into Government from the Opposition benches of the Commons (having just refused a junior Lordship of the Treasury, an Irish Stewardship, manistry, and the Government of Cape Coast Castle, successively offered by a despairing whipman); and you, Robert, still driving "the wain of life" (with nuggets in the boot); and you—not "Little Carey," but intimate enemy of mine, banded. Dear friends and readers, if I go away so, or am called, may these ten years lie lightly on your head: the golden days be merry, the silver days be few. There, bah! I forgive the intimate enemy even—poor shallow rogue. I don't want him to be hanged, the loser, worsted-stocking knave, and be hanged to him!

Look forward to the ten; it is good to do so. Cry out, "Excelsior!" and climb up three hundred and sixty-five better and better steps a year. Look forward, but not back—not back. Remember Lot's wife. Look not upon the old love letters, the old love-locks, the old quarrels, the old hatreds, the old opportunities missed, the old days of happiness gone, never to return. Look not back at high noon. Only, in the night season, rise up, when the moon shines very brightly, and the willows whisper their secrets to the secretive pool beneath, that drinks all in and answers not a word; wrap thy cloak about thee, and steal to the place of the tombs, and weep over those who lie in peace, and whom no man can sue now, no woman vex, no anger move. Thou shalt look back then—yea, into the dimmest recesses of the most distant mountains of thy soul-scape, and the angels shall keep the secret of thy looking back.

Ten years had elapsed since the events narrated in the forty-second chapter of this history. London was still the great city; but the time was eighteen hundred and forty-five, and another king had arisen which knew not Joseph. A king, say IP. A gracious lady, rather, who had come seven years before, a timid, blushing girl, to take possession of the throne of silly, white-headed, good King William, and corpulent, curly-wigged, bad King George. "V.R." flourished over all the post-office letter-boxes and on all the police-vans. It was Victoria, not William, by the grace of God who sent you greeting now, and commanded you that within eight days you entered an appearance before Thomas Lord Deane at Westminster; it was her Majesty the Queen who went to open Parliament in the ginger-bread coach drawn by the cream-coloured horses; and it was her Majesty Queen Victoria that the play-house managers cried God save in the Latin language, what time they took the liberty of informing the public that no babies in arms would be admitted and no money returned.

One August afternoon, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five, an old woman was crouching over the fire—though the weather was passing hot—in the little back parlour of a shop in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road.

I don't wish to say anything disrespectful of this elderly female, or to prejudice you in the outset against her—perish such an ungallant and unjust thought; but I should be sinning against veracity were I to disguise the fact, that she was about the ugliest old lady that you could wish to meet on an autumnal afternoon, or that you would not like the adored wife of your bosom, who is in delicate health just now, to meet on any day, or in any season, under any circumstances at all. Neither, I hope, will it be libelling the venerable individual crouching over the fire to hint that if she had lived in the days of King James, the first of blessed memory, the odds upon her being arraigned at the very next assize of Oyer and Terminer as a witch would have been very heavy, and the chances of her escape from the lagget and the fire very slender indeed. She was indeed such a weird and uncomfortable-looking old woman to view; and had she, in the present year of grace even, inhabited some sequestered village in some cross-country between two lines of railway, she would, I am persuaded, have been feared as a witch, hated as a witch, conciliated and consulted as a witch, and hoisted—perchance jilted—by the village children as a witch. The village blacksmith would have driven a brisk trade in horseshoes, in connection with the terror inspired by her preternatural appearance; the village baker would have made crosses in the dough if she happened to pass his shop at kneading time. She would have been suffered near no hen-roost, no butter-churn, no beer-barrel. Housewives would have made impromptu crucifixes with scissors laid on chairs at her approach; and superstitious farmers would have attributed the blights in their cattle, the smut in their wheat, and the rheumatism in themselves, to her maleficent powers.

She was a very horrible-looking old woman indeed, to say the least. She might have been the great-great-granddaughter of the Witch of Endor, or a twin sister of Madame le Normand, or Megara come to settle in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, or La Mère Croquemitaine, or the late Caibian's mamma, Sycorax, or the Old Woman of Berkeley, or Mother Redcap. She was one of those old ladies who are called "Goody," apparently because they look so very like "Biddy," and she was an uncommonly ogre-ome sight to see.

Ten thousand wrinkles ploughed that yellow face, as dried up water-courses do a high mountain. Little trees grew here and there on that unweary plain in the shape of tufts of white hair. Shards, and flints, and scoria of pimples were thrown up here and there; but the substructure was volcanic; and the red, twinkling eyes were craters, and flamed. A nose and chin that met; a yellow lancet too protruding from the puckered lip; a mop of hideous hair—half white, half wolfish red—straggling from beneath a foul night cap; a bandage of flannel—new in its texture from its raw blue tinge, but intolerably dirty—passed beneath her chin, as though she were a corpse, and this was to tie up her jaw withal; pendulous cheeks, and flaccid rolls of skin, so hanging about her neck that she might have been an octogenarian *ecclési* with a *goitre*; these made up—and you require nothing more, I hope—the ensemble of her head. She was immensely old, and bowed, and crooked. Her hands were yellow, skinny, and long, with bony fingers armed with talons rather than nails, and the whole tessellated with designs in dirt. She was pinned up in crasseous rags, rather than clothed. She appeared to have elephantiasis in her feet, so huge appeared they, swathed in bandages and list shoes; and the most dreadful thing about this old woman was, that she appeared to have a perpetual palsy, and shook like a jelly of some foul gelatinous matter, or like a blasted tree whose roots are rotten.

The shop in whose back-parlour this old woman sat, was not an old curiosity shop, nor a chandler's shop, nor a rag shop, nor an old clothes shop, nor a shop whose staple stock in trade consisted of old metal and bones. It certainly could not be called a milliner and dressmaker's; it was a long way off being a toy shop; and though dresses, rich and *bizarre*, abounded on its shelves, it was neither a masquerade warehouse nor a theatrical costumer's. It was a shop not much bigger than a barge, swelling over an amalgamation of all the attributes of all the shops to which I have called attention. It was a shop emphatically of odds and ends, of shreds and patches, of waifs and strays, of unconsidered trifles, of sweepings and fragments, and bits, and rubbish, and treasures. I was a mouldy, musty, and ineffably mysterious shop, and there are hundreds like it in London.

The shop was full of secrets; and there were more romances of the aristocracy on its dusty shelves than ever Sir Bernard Burke dreamt of in his philosophy. There were rich silks and brocades here that a half-spilt glass of wine, a speck of sauce from a butter-bowl, a drop of wax from a taper, had banished from the Queen's palace and the "nobility's concert," and had relegated to the Road of Tottenham. There were catfish feathers, somewhat dim and jaundiced now, and coiffures of bird of paradise and marabout plumes, that had waved over the fair heads of England's fairest, noblest daughters, or bedizened the turbans of the haughtiest of dowagers, with as many creases to their chins as they had quarterings in their scutcheons. There were sweeping mantles of rich silk velvets that had fallen into voluptuous folds on the cushions of the carriages of duchesses, but which were destined ere long to sweep the floors of casinos, and to be degraded by the mud of the Haymarket. There were guazy bonnets, glistening with silver sprigs and artificial flowers, through which, however, the dull wire and coarse buckram began to peep, like the copper in the silver whose edges only are of silver, like the flesh of the beggar's knee through his torn trousers. There were tiny satin shoes, with blackened soles and soiled insteps. There were pink silk stockings by dozens, woefully in want of darning. There were friddles and strabbles of lace, falling into rich raggedness; bronze kid boots cracked in the upper-leathers; muffs, and bags, and velleins of costly fur, where the moth had imitated the ingworm's part; bridal veils, from which the silver embroidery had been rudely stripped; white kid gloves, soiled and split, in piles; sashes and scarves, tippets and collars, ivory fans with broken joints, dressing cases minus the silver tops to the bottles, jet bracelets, velvet reticules, embroidered parasols with torn fringe and no handles, smelling-bottles with no stoppers, lace pocket-handkerchiefs with curls through the centre; all sorts of rich woman's ware, purple flannel, goldsmith's ware and lace—the whole mixed up with a chaos of sheets and blankets, coarse jean stays, flannels, nightcaps, tablecloths, pillow cases, black cotton stockings, patchwork counterpanes, linsey-woolsey jackets, and huge bundles bursting with undeniable rags. And there was a musty, acid, vap' d'outr hanging about the place, similar to that which pervades a pawnbroker's shop in a low neighbourhood on Saturday night, or that department of a jail where the prisoners' outer-world clothes are kept. A big dog, who had once been white, but was now of no particular hue save that of dirt—a wall-eyed dog, irremediably mangy, with a chronic cough, and a settled hatred to his tail, kept watch and ward in the outer shop, sitting by preference on a Marseilles quilt with a great russet-brown stain which looked horribly like blood upon it, and blinking lazily at one solitary ray of the golden autumnal light, which, in a laudable pursuit of polarisation under difficulties, worthy of all commendation, was fighting its way into the shop against the myriad notes of dust, and the foggy miasma of the place.

In the room—I don't like to call it hole, for fear of being thought rude—where the old woman crouched, there were more shelves, more bundles, more treasures in rags, more odds and ends. There was a portrait, too, of the lamented and injured Caroline of Brunswick, sometime Queen of England—a vile mezzotint thing in a tawdry frame, and screened by a glass, cracked and smoky, representing that Royal Personage in the act of receiving an address from the ladies of England (with very short waists and enormous hats and feathers), at Brandenburg House, near Hammer-smith. There was a wretch of a parrot in a battered cage—a moulting brute, with a broken wing, plumage of sooty green and a diabolical head, with eyes like the danger-lights on a locomotive—which shrieked, and croaked, and swore, and blasphemed, and swung himself on his rusty ring, like a Prophet of Evil or a bird possessed by a demon. The walls of the room—where there were no shelves—were plastered thickly over with placards relating to sales by auction, chiefly of pawnbroker's unredeemed pledges; the floor was littered with torn catalogues from a Oxenham's, and Debenham and Storr's sale-rooms; and on the rickety table, amid a heap of rags, staybusses, lace-cuffs, halfpence, candle-ends, and remnants of cloth and silk, there were some hundreds—there could not have been less—of little quadrangular scraps of pasteboard, bent, dirty, torn, inkstained, and pin-punctured, which the experienced eye would have no difficulty in recognising at once as pawnbroker's duplicates. Pardon the verbosity of this description. The frame was as necessary as the picture; the setting as the jewel. And there is one thing, too, which I have forgotten in my inventory; this—that over the outer door of the shop—which was a remarkably villainous-looking shop, by-the-way, and offered no better *étalage* than bundles and lace-rags—in the street there was this inscription—"MRS. TINCOT. LADIES' WARDROBES PURCHASED."

Mrs. Tincot, I scorn to deceive you, was the proprietor of the shop where the ladies' wardrobes were purchased; and Mrs. Tincot, I am above hypocrisy, I hope, was Mr. Tincot's mamma—that Mr. Tincot with whom you have been acquainted, more or less, almost since the commencement of this chronicle; and, finally, Mrs. Tincot was the veritable old lady who was crouching over the fire.

The wall-eyed dog, who took care of the outer premises, gave an asthmatic growl, which ended in a squeak, as the shop-door opened, causing at the same time an ill-conditioned tinkle on a cracked bell; and there walked in, as stealthily as of yore, Mr. Seth Tincot, general practitioner.

A little bald, a little more weazened as to countenance, a little stouter in figure, but the same smooth, urbane Seth Tincot still. He had mounted gold-rimmed spectacles and gone into goloshes; he carried a fat silk umbrella, and wore a substantial watch-chain. The ten years seemed to have been prosperous years, and to have done him good.

He bested a subdued whistle of recognition upon the dog, who immediately either acknowledged or resented that act of courtesy, by making a furious onslaught upon his stump of a tail. Then Mr. Tincot walked

through the miasma of decayed millinery into the hole where his mamma dwelt, and, with another whistle, to which was superadded a nod, sat himself down over against her by the fireside.

"Good afternoon, mother."

These people do say "good afternoon," "good morning," "good-lye," and "good night," just as we Christians do. They are human—they are mortal. Williams set his children to play with the Italian boy before he murdered him for the sake of his white teeth. If you punch a thief, he will cry out; if you prick a rascal, he will bleed; if you tickle him, he will laugh. The robbers of the Rhine are not always accounted in clonched fists and buff-boots, and swaggering about with snickassars. They put on carpet-slippers at eventide, smoke their pipes at the ingle-nook, kiss their wives, and when they go to bed, put on nightcaps with tassels and strings that tie underneath the chin.

(To be continued.)

LASTLY ANSWERED.—"Is Ireland becoming an Arcadian as Italy in its musical enthusiasm?" A contemporary, in describing the close of the foreign opera season at Dublin, prints the words of a part song set to music, and sung by many voices from the gallery of the theatre to Miss Piccolomini, on her being called for, while a curious wretch, also a live bird, was deposited on her head, expressive of the utmost admiration for her unparalleled merits. We should like to have the names of the capital birds conversational or sarcastic belonging to the upper regions of a Dublin theatre, who are to the duty—the same—practised and sung it. What, after all, they were no Milleans at all—but artificers belonging to the Corinthian band of Mr. Barrow. Such fables would not be worth a word, did they not figure as real traits in the foreign journals. [This extract, headed "Fudge," is quoted by the "Times" from the "Athenaeum," a fact which demonstrates that they are a part of the facts of the case. The "upper regions of the Dublin theatre" are almost exclusively filled by students of Trinity College, who unravel the "Times" in their own correspondence." Mr. Julian once offended its members, when he knew no better by calling them a saxeony mob, and the result kept him out of Dublin for four years after.]

PURCHASE OF THE ISTHMIUS OF PANAMA.—A dispatch from New York, containing the extraordinary news that the Isthmus of Panama has been purchased by the United States, is thus explained by the "Pays"—"The terms of this deal must be incorrect. An American company has been formed for the purpose of substituting a canal across the Isthmus for the railway, which is admitted to be ineffectual for the commercial wants of the world. The scheme is believed to be favourably regarded by the maritime Powers of Europe. A demand for the concession of the canal has been made at Bogotá, and must be this concession, and not the sale of the territory of the Isthmus, which the Government of that Granadine has been authorised to make. We may add that according to the original idea of the project, the canal was to be a neutral property placed under the protection of the Powers interested in its formation."

STRANGE HALLUCINATION.—A singular case of insanity is chronicled in Phoenix. A man has been lately in the habit of annoying a firm in that city, by presenting to them for payment bills for two and three hundred thousand dollars a-week. He alleges that Queen Victoria promised to marry him, but broke off the engagement, and offered him 50,000 dollars to keep quiet and heal his wounded sensibilities. She also promised to give him 50,000 dollars more for labour which he had performed. By some strange hallucination he imagines the firm to which he has so often made application, to be the Queen's agents, and presents the bills to them accordingly.

THE NEW PARK AT BLACKBURN.

ABOUT three weeks ago, namely, the 23rd of October, there were grand doings at Blackburn on the occasion of opening the new public park. Some 15,000 strangers are reported to have been present in the town on that day. Of course a procession was called into requisition. This was composed of the Mayor and town council, the magistrates and clergy, the scholars of the grammar school, with bands of music, a body of police, and members of some of the different friendly societies. The procession entered the park amidst salvos of artillery; to only were the Sebastopol guns, presented to the borough by Lord Panmure, fired in rapid succession, but some miniature pieces of ordnance lent by Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Fielden, contributed to do honour to the occasion, and to alarm most of the ladies present.

At the time the Mayor and his friends reached the platform which had been erected for the proceedings of the day, it is considered that some 50,000 people were present. Of course the Mayor made a speech, at the close of which he declared the park to be opened. This was followed by a flourish of trumpets and another discharge, or rather roar of guns, which certainly interred for a time with Mr. Alderman Drysdale's oratory. Silencer, however, was at length restored; and the worthy Alderman thanked the Mayor for the fountain which graced the Park, and which had been given by him to his fellow-townsmen.

More speeches, more firing of cannon, and more flourishes of trumpets followed, and then such of the company has had invitations adjourned to a collation in the Town Hall, where plenty of additional speeches were made. The day was brought to a close by a display of fireworks in the Park, at which almost every one belonging to Blackburn was present.

No plot of land could be better adapted for the purpose of a public park than the one selected by the Park Committee. It is situated on the best side with reference to the "smoke nuisance"—an evil inseparable from a large manufacturing town. It is accessible from all parts of the borough by means of good streets and roads. Its surface is of such an undulating character as to present every possible advantage to the landscape gardener. There is an abundant supply of pure spring water for feeding the lakes and fountains. The former were already excavated in one of the best positions on the land. There were plantations in existence which added to the attractions of the scenery. There was plenty of stone at hand for the erection of the boundary walls, and for the construction of the roads and foot-paths. The soil in many parts was good, and was favourably situated as to shelter. The area of the park is more extensive than that of any similar recreation ground in the North of England, being 50 acres in extent. Every 20 yards of the ascent from the Preston Road to the summit of Revidge (the loftiest point in the park) commands a fresh and constantly-expanding prospect. From the highest part of the land may be seen a vast extent of country, chiefly hilly and mountainous, which may be seen to advantage on a clear day. When an observatory is erected the prospect will be vastly enlarged. We venture to say that taking a boundary line from point to point as visible on the horizon, such line would measure more than 500 miles. There are few places in the kingdom from which such an expansive view can be obtained. In one direction the spectator would behold the valley in which Blackburn and Darwen are situated—the richly-wooded scenery in Livesey, Pielington and Foul-cowles—the bold line of the hills (extending from Darwen Moor to Hambleton Hill—the proud crest of Pendle Hill—the busy lives of industry between Blackburn and Accrington, and the windings of the canal and railways, with their ever busy traffic, palpable evidence of the commercial enterprise of the inhabitants of the district. Looking in another direction, he will behold the far distant hills of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the Isle of Man—the coast line from Morecambe Bay to Southport—the extensive valley watered by the Ribbles—the fertile Fylde country—the town of Preston and the tidal waters beyond—Hoghton Tower, replete with interesting historical associations—and, we believe, under favourable circumstances, a glimpse of the Cleydian and Snowdonian mountain ranges in the Principality of Wales.

The cost of the Park, up to the day of this opening, had been nearly £15,000.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

SIR ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, M.P., whose installation as Lord Mayor of the City of London for the ensuing year took place on the 9th inst., was presented to the Lord Chancellor for the purpose of receiving the congratulations of his Lordship, and the intimation of her Majesty's concurrence in the choice of the citizens. As usual in such ceremonies, the Lord Mayor elect was accompanied by the Recorder, the Chamberlain, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and other officers of the Corporation.

The Recorder (Mr. Russell Garney) having introduced Sir Robert Carden to Lord Cranworth, took the opportunity of dwelling at some length upon the honourable course of industry which had led Sir Robert to the distinguished position of chief magistrate of the City of London. The learned Recorder spoke very highly of the character and antecedents of the Lord Mayor elect, and expressed his

full confidence in the ability and disposition of that gentleman to carry out with dignity the important duties of his office. The Lord Chancellor, in reply, said it was his duty to signify her Majesty's entire approval of the choice of the livery in selecting their chief magistrate. Having been engaged, and successfully engaged, upwards of forty years in commercial affairs, requiring great confidence on the part of those whose business he had had to transact, Sir Robert had afforded the fittest guarantee of his ability to undertake the high duties now imposed upon him. The Lord Chancellor could only express his entire confidence that Sir Robert would evince firmness, justice, and impartiality in the discharge of his high functions, and he sincerely congratulated his Lordship upon the distinction he had attained.

The deputation then withdrew, and in the evening re-assembled at a sumptuous inauguration banquet, given by the Lord Mayor elect, at the Albion Tavern.

Sir Robert Carden was born in the year 1801; is a younger son of the late James Carden, Esq., of Bedford Square, and is related by marriage to John Walter, Esq., of the "Times" newspaper. In early life he served in the army—having for some time held a commission in the 82nd Regiment of Foot. Subsequently Mr. Carden turned his attention to commercial affairs, and, finding that occupation far more congenial to his active disposition, has ever since devoted himself with much energy to its pursuit. He became a member of the Stock Exchange as a share and stock broker, and rapidly rose to an eminent position among that fraternity. He was the originator of the City Bank, and still remains its chairman. In 1849 a vacancy occurred in the ward of Dowgate, when Mr. Carden took the opportunity of seeking aldermanic honours. He was elected without opposition, and hence onward fulfilled the duties of the office to the entire satisfaction of the civic dignitaries around him. He was at the same time a commissioner of the lieutenantancy of London, and a magistrate of the counties of Surrey and Middlesex. It was the fortune of the worthy Alderman to become Sheriff in the year 1851 when the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park brought so many foreigners and distinguished individuals to London, and consequently into immediate contact with the City functionaries. Her Majesty visited the City in state, by way of commemorating the event, and, as usual, left marks of kindness behind her. Alderman Carden, as well as the Lord Mayor for the time being, came in for the honour of knighthood.



SIR ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

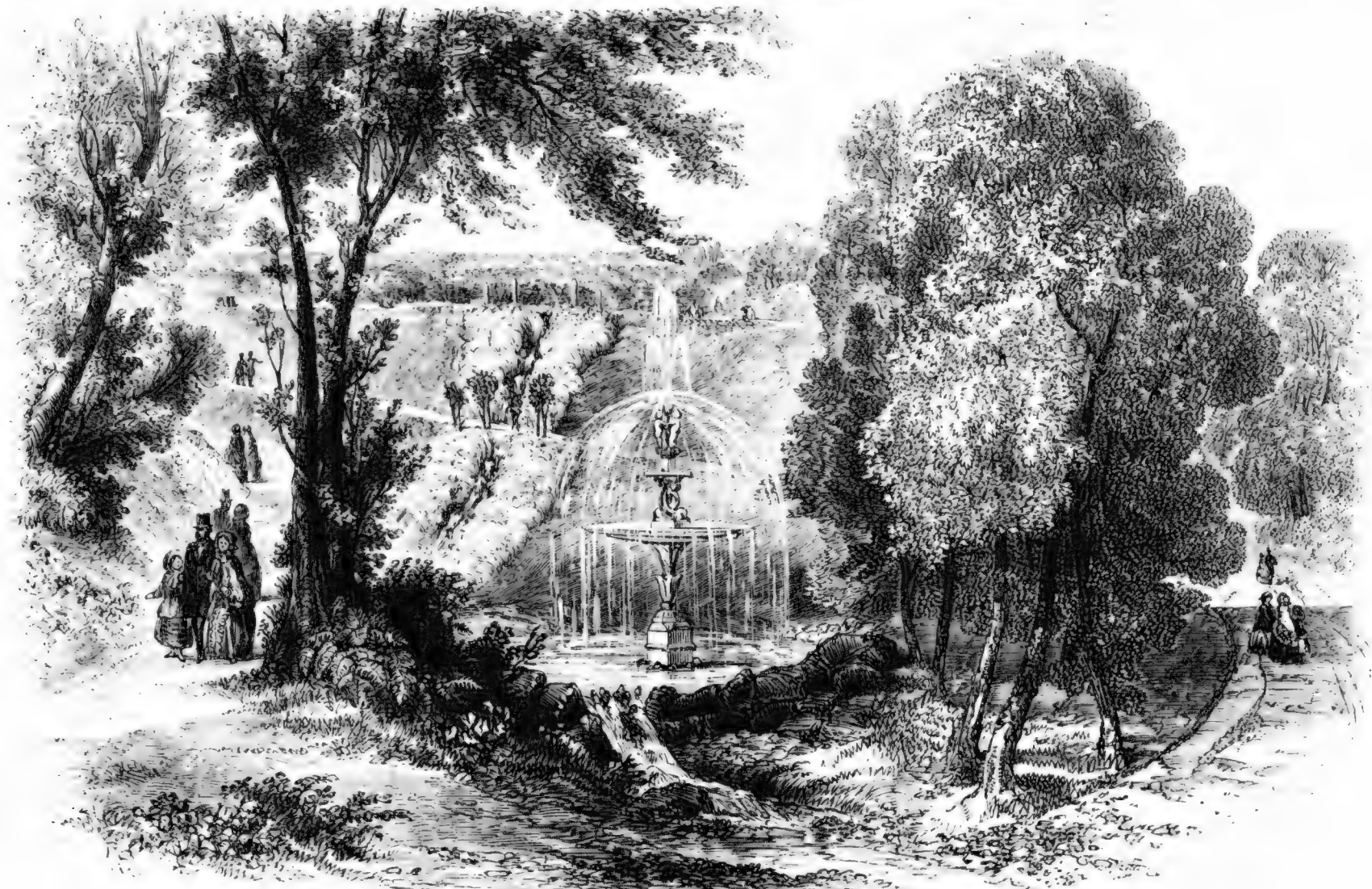
Sir Robert has since devoted himself with much diligence to his judicial duties. His conduct as a magistrate has been dignified and impartial. On the bench he displays a keen knowledge of law and manners; a thorough power of analysis; and an aptitude for bringing simple truths from complicated statements. The Alderman has every disposition to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and great acumen in detecting and exposing fraud. If, however, there is one defect in his phrenological development, it is his sympathy to vagrants. They have a chance with Sir Robert. He is shrewd to be imposed upon, and well acquainted with their ways, so as to allow vagrancy to reap the sympathy belonging to honest poverty. The Alderman's zeal in his attempt to inculcate habits of temperance among the poorer classes has subjected him to some opprobrium. His evidence on the inquiry into the Sunday opening of public-houses was not appreciated in all quarters. His views, however, were not less philanthropic than sincere.

Last year Alderman Carden had the privilege of taking part in the splendid coronation ceremony of the Emperor of Russia at Moscow. His reception in Russia was extremely gratifying, and at the conclusion of the festivals his Majesty presented him with a medal commemorative of the event.

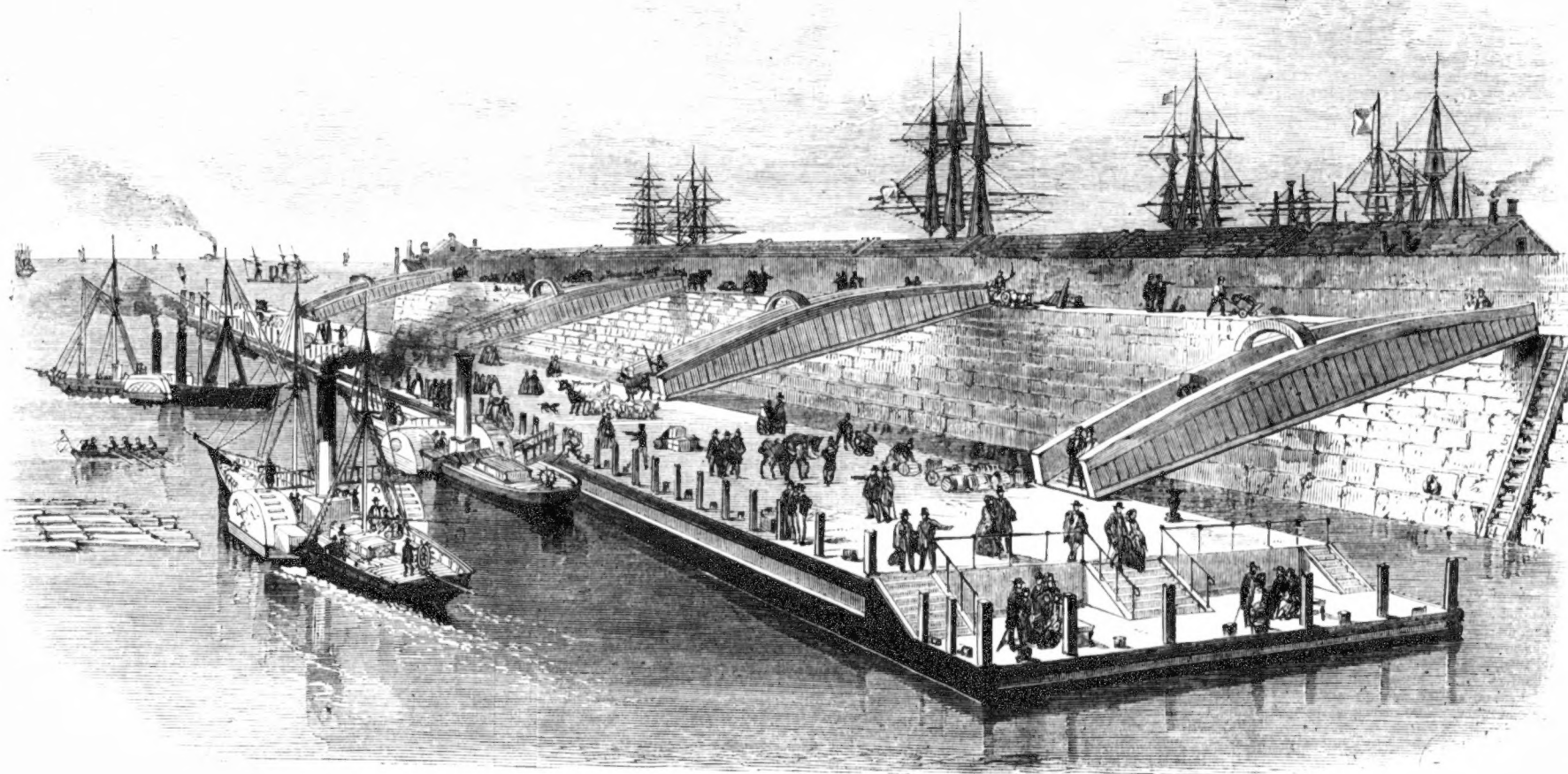
The selection of Sir Robert Carden for the civic chair of 1858 has led to the breaking up of a system of bribery or "black mail," hitherto common in the nomination of Lord Mayors. Sir Robert found that he was expected to buy off the opposition of a certain power known in the City as "the shore men." This he refused to do, and a show of opposition was accordingly made. The sincerity of the proceeding was at once tested by the worthy Alderman. He boldly charged the parties concerned with an attempt to extort money, and although a conviction did not follow, sufficient evidence was elicited to prove that proceedings by no means creditable had been acquiesced in by civic dignitaries for some time past.

Sir Robert Carden has a seat in the House of Commons, as the representative of Gloucester. He was chosen at the last general election in opposition to Admiral Sir Muren Berkeley, who had represented the borough for nearly forty years. Sir Robert had previously contested St. Albans without success.

The portrait of the new Lord Mayor herewith engraved, is from a photograph just taken for Lady Carden by Mr. Mayall.



VIEW IN THE NEW PUBLIC PARK AT BLACKBURN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY C. HAWORTH.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



THE NEW LANDING-STAGE AT LIVERPOOL.—(FROM A SKETCH BY R. HARGRAVES.)



SCENE FROM THE "ROSE OF CASTILLE," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE NEW LANDING-STAGE AT LIVERPOOL.

THE great landing-stage at Liverpool, erected at a cost of £140,000, is one of the "sights" of that wonderful city. It stretches from the southernmost point of Prince's pier, to which it is attached by four bridges. The floor of the stage is 1,000 feet long by 82 feet wide, and horizontal throughout its whole length, with the exception of a slightly-depressed portion at each end, for the convenience of loading and unloading the smaller class of steamers. This immense platform is supported on sixty-three rectangular water-tight pontoons, laid parallel to each other, and secured in their places by three rows of keelsons, the stage being moored by heavy chains, and connected with the pier by the four bridges just mentioned. To keep the stage from being as little obtrusive in the stream of the river as possible, the four bridges were made so short that, at low water, the incline is so precipitate as to make it impossible to convey heavy luggage up or down with safety. To remedy this, we understand the engineer, Sir William Cubitt, has it in contemplation to adopt mechanical means for assisting carts up and easing their descent, when the inclined plane is so steep that the bridges cannot otherwise be rendered available for heavy traffic. Whether in these appliances recourse will be had to steam-power, fixed or locomotive, or hydraulic power on Armstrong's system, has not yet, we believe, been decided. In the meantime, with the view of preventing accidents and establishing a system which will conduce to the more easy and comfortable arrangement of the large traffic to be anticipated, Sir William Cubitt suggested that the north end of the stage and the north bridge should be entirely devoted to animal traffic, with an access and departure by the north end of the Prince's dock; that the south bridge should be devoted entirely to foot passengers and porters, the centre of the stage and two middle bridges being reserved for carts and heavy luggage, one for the up and the other for the down traffic. The whole weight of the stage with its bridges and mooring chains is 4,000 tons. The contractors for the stage were Messrs. Thomas Vernon and Son, of Liverpool, the bridges being executed by Mr. Fairbairn, engineer, of Manchester.

SCENE FROM THE "ROSE OF CASTILLE."

MR. BALFE, in his new and charming opera, the "Rose of Castille," has paid less attention to the ballads than in his earlier works. So far from regretting this, we hope that in his next opera he will neglect them altogether, as, for the most part, these airs have about as much to do with the general plan as the comic parts of Messrs. Wright and Bedford have with the plot of the drama in which those gentlemen are, or were, in the habit of appearing at the Adelphi. There are one or two ballads, however, in the "Rose of Castille" which form notable exceptions to this general rule; such, for instance, as the muletter song, which Mr. Harrison gives every evening with so much success. We informed our readers last week that Mr. Harrison's part in the new opera is that of the King of Castille, who, for some reason which we have not been able to understand, goes about disguised as a muletter. However, it is a very fortunate thing for himself that he does so, as it enables him to form the acquaintance of that delightful peasant-girl, who afterwards turns out to be the Queen of Spain. There is another advantage resulting from the disguise assumed by the Castilian monarch. Having taken the character of a muletter, it is desirable that he should sing a characteristic muletter's song, and this he has been enabled to do by the ingenious composer, who has given Mr. Harrison a beautiful air, with a novel, and (as we may say with evident propriety) a striking accompaniment. The crack of the whip which accentuates the first note of the spirited refrain to Mr. Harrison's "A muletter am I" will be heard from one end of England to the other, and any popularity which this song may attain will be richly deserved, as it is not merely peculiar and lively, but genuinely melodious.

The scene which our artist has chosen is that in which Mr. Harrison—immediately after his entry in the first act—sings his whip song. The ladies are Miss Pyne, who plays the peasant-queen, and Miss Susan Pyne (Doña Carmen). The Misses Pyne, it will be remembered ("see ante," as a great critic says), sing a duet in the first act, which is one of the happiest *moreaux* in the opera. This duet is followed by Mr. Harrison's air, which, we repeat, is destined to attain great popularity.

SHIPWRECK.—The English ship *Frances* and twenty lives were lost on the 15th instant, in a typhoon, near an island about half way between Ningpo and Shanghai. Twenty-five of the crew were saved. The master, Captain Scott, the chief mate (Mr. Rowland), eighteen seamen, and one Chinese girl, lost their lives; the others of the crew (twenty-five in number) got safely ashore.

LOSS OF A CANADIAN STEAMER AND TWENTY LIVES.—The Canadian steamer *Reindeer*, ran between Chicago and Montreal. She cleared from the former port on the 16th ult. with 13,000 bushels of wheat, consigned to persons in Montreal. On the night of the 19th, when off Great Point Au Sauble, on the Michigan shore, she was met by a heavy gale, and Captain Patterson, finding that she would not weather it, hoisted all sail and headed for the shore. The moment she touched the ground the steamer went to pieces, and owing to the distance from the beach and violence of the surf, only two persons succeeded in reaching the land. It is thought the steamer had but few if any passengers on board. The officers and crew numbered about twenty-two men.

OUR COUNTRYMEN.—The "Dublin Nation" makes us this portrait of an Englishman:—"The Englishman excels in a foul, fenish, beastly ferocity, that has no parallel. He handles the corpse as he would the carcass of a pig; he carves it, he boils it, he pickles it, he stews it away tidily into his carpet bag; he does not consider it disagreeable company in a midnight walk; he deliberately affixes it to London Bridge, as a tribute to the influence of the press. The superior coolness of the Anglo-Saxon! The Celt, on the other hand, merely shoots his victim, and, so far from offering indignity to the corpse, leaves it unripped and untouched."

POOR-RATES AND PAUPERISM.—A return moved for last session by Edward Bouverie, M.P., gives the following particulars of poor-rates and pauperism in England and the Principality of Wales:—It would appear that on the 1st of July last, in 628 unions, having an aggregate population of 16,602,776 persons (nearly the entire population of England and Wales, which was by the last census 17,927,609), there were 102,123 in-door paupers—viz., 26,815 males, 31,861 females, and 43,447 children under the age of sixteen years. There were also 1,286 vagrants relieved in workhouses; making a grand total of 103,409 in-door paupers. The industrial statistics prefixed to these figures inform us that the ratio of those employed in the mechanical arts, trade, and in domestic service was 29.9 per cent; (England and Wales alone); those employed in agriculture 17.6 per cent; those employed in manufactures 8.5; and those employed in mining and mineral works, 6.5 per cent. Throughout the whole kingdom the per centage was—mechanical arts, trade, &c., 45.0; agriculture, 4.6; manufacturers 6.5, and mining 6.3 per cent. The net total number of out-door paupers on the 1st of July last was 789,640, including 124,498 males, 309,742 females (adults), and 251,701 children under sixteen, besides 709 vagrants. The figures exhibit a decrease of pauperism as compared with July, 1856, of 1.5 per cent.

THE CONSPIRACY IN SERBIA.—With reference to the conspiracy recently detected, the semi-official "Srbatsk Novine" publicly accuses the ex-Hospodar Milosch of being concerned in it, observing, "During the examination of the persons arrested, it was proved that some of the conspirators had received money from Prince Milosch. His plenipotentiary, Dr. Patzel, brought 5,000 ducats here, and 1,000 of them were given to the hired assassins." The general opinion at Belgrade is said to be that the Russians had nothing to do with the plot.

THE PORTS AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.—A circular note was addressed by the late Turkish Ministry to its agents about the union of the Principalities. As the Ministry had ceased to exist, the document is of little value; nevertheless, it affords the proof that Redschid Pacha was not alone in his opposition to the union. The Ministry which circulated it is supposed to have been thoroughly French, and yet its language is as strong as can be well employed in a diplomatic document.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—ELECTRO-MEDICAL TREATMENT.—Among the numerous attempts to cure or mitigate the nervous affections to which the human frame is subject, may be mentioned the use of Pulvermacher's Hydro-Electric chains. By this ingenious contrivance electricity may be applied to any part of the body or head, and it is said, with marvellous efficiency in many cases—such as Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Tic-Docteur, Sciatic, &c. Some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, both on the Continent and in Great Britain, have, it is stated, proved the value of these chains by the best test, that of practical experience, and have consequently given them their recommendations. We think, therefore, the public cannot err in making trial of them. Mr. Pulvermacher's general depot is at No. 78, Oxford Street, adjoining the Princess's Theatre. "A Practical Guide," price only Sixpence, has been published by the inventor, explaining the use of the chain, and detailing many remarkable cures. To which are appended the reports of learned societies, and the testimonies of scientific men of various countries.—"Family Herald."

LAW AND CRIME.

MR. GOODWIN, a master of a charity school in the West Riding Union, formed certain ideas upon the conduct of the Board of Guardians of that establishment, and instead of sending his notions to the local newspaper, put them into an interrogatory form, and sent them to the Chairman of the Board, in order that an inquiry might be instituted as to the matters referred to. In particular, Mr. Goodwin "wanted to know" whether it was customary for the Board to permit contractors to send in inferior articles to those contracted to be supplied, and, if not, why they had permitted one James Brech to send in potatoes, called "blue farmers," of an inferior quality to those he had contracted to furnish? Also, Mr. Goodwin required information of the reason that James Brech had been allowed, while himself a guardian, to supply flour to the union, by means of his brother, the nominal contractor? Other information, upon topics perhaps equally disagreeable, was required by the schoolmaster. The Board proposed to refer the matter to a committee of investigation, before whom Mr. Goodwin might state any facts in his knowledge upon the subject. This course Mr. Goodwin declined to adopt, having apparently misgivings as to the efficacy of the proposed committee. Upon this refusal the Board applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule for a criminal information against Mr. Goodwin, and a rule was obtained. On Monday Sir Frederick Thesiger, on the part of Mr. Goodwin, showed cause against the rule being made absolute. The judges held that the letter was written in good faith and without malice, and discharged the rule, with costs to be paid by Mr. James Brech. The remarks of Mr. Justice Coleridge upon this and similar cases will probably be read with interest, as they certainly will be with acquiescence, by that somewhat considerable portion of mankind not entrusted with the management of nuptial institutions. The learned Judge is reported to have said that he "thought it right to add, as a general remark with regard to bodies of this kind, that it was not desirable to treat with too strong a hand inferior persons in the situation of Goodwin, who were bold enough to make such allegations. Heaven knows that a schoolmaster, perhaps in their employ, but at all events very much under their influence, must have difficulties enough in bringing forward a case of this description. One also knows how extremely difficult it must be for the papers themselves to expose malpractices from which they suffer. Abuses in these institutions were among the most mischievous and oppressive that could be, and therefore he should be very sorry to hold too strict a hand over such inquiries as that sought by the defendant in this case."

An inhabitant of Lambeth let off a few squibs in the street on the evening of the 5th of November to amuse his little boy. The sportive parent upon being interfered with by the police indulged in expressions of a kind designated by the constables as "bouncable," and was taken into custody. The next day he was brought before the Hon. Mr. G. C. Norton. The bouncable inhabitant evidently considered his own offence as trivial, until the Hon. Mr. Norton overwhelmed him with this startling interrogatory—"Then you think it a good thing to keep alive the bad feeling between yourself and your fellow-Christians, the Roman Catholics, and to bring up your son in these foolish prejudices?" The bouncable man, who had probably never entertained previously an idea of the repugnance of the Catholics to combustibles, was instantly converted to humility by this startling appeal to his sentiments. In another and similar case Mr. Norton safely observed, "In this country the people profess the utmost toleration; but how, I should be glad to know, can they reconcile their acts with their professions, by their insults to their Catholic fellow-Christians on each succeeding 5th of November? The folly, wickedness, and sin of such proceedings is only equalled by the forbearance of Catholics in not taking any notice of them." Many Catholics will no doubt be surprised to learn how much forbearance they have unconsciously displayed in the matter of crackers.

A question of considerable importance was argued on Monday last at the Insolvent Court. An insolvent had been arrested upon a county-court commitment, after having obtained protection from the Insolvent Court. The Commissioner held, however, that, as the commitment had been granted for non-appearance on the part of the defendant, and not for non-payment of the amount claimed, and as, moreover, the date of the commitment was anterior to that of the protection, the prisoner was not entitled to be discharged. The practical bearing of this judgment is, that it is incumbent upon an insolvent, when summoned to a county court on a judgment, to attend such summons and state his circumstances, instead of lying by, confiding in his insolvency.

In the Queen's Bench, *in re Macintosh*, it has been decided that a person attending as witness upon an arbitration under sanction of the court, is privileged from arrest, although his attendance may be voluntary and not upon a subpoena.

A man went to Bow Street Police-court, and there publicly made a statement to the sitting magistrate to the following effect:—"The applicant a few weeks since was going home about half-past nine o'clock in the evening, when three policemen attempted to take him into custody, just at his own door. After he had rung his own bell they attempted to drag him away, and as he clung to the railings one of them bent back and broke his thumb, forcing the fractured bone through the skin. He had since been obliged to have his thumb amputated. Such was the statement, and whether true or not, is not of so much importance as the manner in which it was met by Mr. Hammill. "I suppose," said the magistrate, "you think they ought not to meddle with you?" Applicant confessed to that notion. "But if you were drunk they were right to take you into custody?" "Yes, but not to break my thumb." Mr. Hammill—"Surely you don't maintain that that was done for the purpose?" Applicant—"Yes, I believe it was, and all the satisfaction I can get is, that they send me from the station the names of two of them." Mr. Hammill—"I have no doubt they will give you the other; but for my part, I don't recommend you to do anything more in it—you will only give yourself useless trouble." This little episode of police justice seems, to our fancy, better suited to the climate of Naples or Austria than to that of England. The assumption of the magistrate, that a policeman is justified in capturing a man about to enter his own door, simply because the man is intoxicated, embodies an idea of a policeman's duty certainly novel to us. Scores of drunken men may be seen about the streets any night, unmolested by the police, unless the sots happen to be disorderly, or unless the policeman, finding himself dull, wishes for a little excitement, or unless the constable captures a well-dressed man to prevent his being robbed, or sees him home in hope of a gratuity. The removal of a drunkard from the street is only authorised by the law in order to relieve the public from a nuisance; but no end whatever, beyond the gratification of a policeman, is to be obtained by dragging an intoxicated man from his own house when he is about to enter it. As for the concluding portion of Mr. Hammill's remarks, they appear to us tantamount to a magisterial declaration, that when policemen exceed their duty and commit acts of unauthorised brutality, it is in vain for the victims to complain or hope for redress. Of course this state of things actually exists, since Mr. Hammill tells us so, and Mr. Hammill deserves public gratitude for his official announcement of the fact.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

We have seldom seen a prettier case of egregious imposture on the one hand, and utter stupidity on the other, bringing forth their appropriate fruits, than in the case of Scott v. Cannon, in the Bail Court, on Thursday week. The action itself was merely one of interpleader, to try the validity of a certain execution that had taken effect against the goods of a gentleman who had given a bill of sale; but the history disclosed in the proceedings is so full of useful moral, that we think we are contributing bonis moribus by pointing out its leading incidents.

Mr. Allen was called in as witness, and described himself as bill broker and mining agent. Being, like many another enterprising young man, desirous of improving his circumstances by a discreet marriage, and finding, we presume, no eligible lady within his own circle of acquaintance, he betook himself in an evil hour to one of these very questionable institutions, a Matrimonial Agency Office. The "agent," whose locus negotiandi was in the classic region of the Adelphi, kept, methodically arranged in a drawer, a set of portraits—no doubt all highly flattering—of ladies who hoped through his instrumentality to find those acclivities of entrance into the married estate which were denied them in the regular way of private life. With one of these fair faces, whose fortune was reputed to be £6,000, our hero became enamoured. The tender preliminaries were conducted chiefly by epistolary correspondence; but after a discreet probationary period, letters on both sides being satisfactory, Mr. Allen paid down

£15 or £20 to the agent Watson, and obtained the blessing of a personal interview. He had, in the language of his own evidence, "applied to Watson for a woman with money," but it does not appear to have entered into his mind to soul to take any pains to discover that the "woman" for whom he had applied really had "the money." The personal interview seems to have been satisfactory, for the proposals were accepted on both sides, and a regular engagement made.

Our hero before his marriage visited his intended at Cheltenham, and found keeping a carriage and a lady's maid. As the time of the marriage drew nigh, the fair damsel gently insinuated that a sort of engagement existed between her to marry another, but nevertheless expressed her willingness to wait for her present adorable suitor. Suitor I am honoured by the promise, and, blind in his jealousy of the fair and the fortune, thought it not wise to stand by, being a lady of property, so far show her confidence in me, and her choice as actually to start with me on her wedding trip minus the usual trappings of attire with which most brides, however lowly in station, are true, by hook or by crook, by toil or by saving, if not by gift or fortune, to provide themselves. The marriage over, the happy couple proceeded to spend their felicitous honeymoon. Bridegroom made a dash to do the thing promptly. If there is a place in the world where you can get rid of your money, Paris. Lodgings, hotels, cafés, restaurants, all are open to you, and it is your own fault if you do not come to the end of a considerable sum in a very short and considerable space of time. Our hero and his bride stayed in Paris for six weeks. Having started with £250 they came back with £4; so that even with a capital of £6,000, ready for payment on their return, it must be owned that they were in the pace. Home, then, they came, but, oh, direful revelation! On the day of his return, after dinner, "his mother came into his room and told him a mistake he had made—"that instead of marrying a lady he had married a maid." Oh, those mothers! How soon they sniff the wind! Oh, that step made the discovery but six short weeks before! But it was too late—the only question was whether it was possible for a lady's maid to have £6,000. People have been lucky before now. Leg cirs have dropped in from some relatives or unexpected quarters upon some people; why not upon our gentle creature? Also for the dream, it passes fast away, and the reality opens, as it always does soon after marriage. There is no fortune. The story is a myth—the lady's property is all in negative quantities. In taking the lady he has taken to her debts, which in a few days are found to be nearly one-tenth of her reputed wealth. Ah, where was Watson in all this? He was nothing said of these practical drawbacks? Deponent saith and swears, solicitors and tradesmen demand their money. Bridegroom's eyes are opened. The trick. Bride has cheated him. She has no money, she has perjured the lover she discarded was an used personage doing duty to cover the fact, without a tresser; nothing remains but to send her off. That, however, is so easy, even under the new Matrimonial Causes Bill. The lady is dismissed for aimony, and actually presents herself to him to "tend-r herself" in conformity to be taken to his home, and nourished and cherished, as is her duty. This does not seem to have been successful, for bridegroom calls it "impossible." But the upshot is, that these debts or his deceiving wife, to the tune of £6,000, complicate his not very flourishing affairs, and produce the execution, the validity was the subject of trial on Thursday last. We are only concerned with the story so far as it presents a moral. If these lines should meet the eyes of a falling young gentleman, snatching through an agency or otherwise for a rich wife, let him beware lest he catch a very different fish from that which he expects. If any lady, bankrupt in money and principle, thinks that she can achieve a decent marriage by pretending to a fortune and having her clothes and bind her; or if either man or woman thinks that a respectable man can be formed through the insincerity of those detestable and trivial offices of them read over again the case of Scott v. Cannon, and flee the bait wide the rae yet safe.—Morning Post.

MURDER OF A POLICEMAN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

At Stevenage, Herts, a policeman was missing for several days; at length his body was found in a pond, with his throat frightfully cut. Near the pond was found some loose grain, and the ground bore evident marks of a severe struggle having taken place. At a distance of about ninety yards some more loose grain and some blood, so that it would appear that he tried to apprehend some man or men, with stolen corn, who murdered him. A pair of brass cuffs were found near his body. A man named Carpenter has been a prisoner on suspicion of having committed the murder. The grounds of suspicion against him are these:—On Friday, the day of the murder, he was employed in a field about a mile from Stevenage. He left work about half past five o'clock in the evening, and his nearest way home lay across the secluded field in which the murder took place. He did not, however, reach his cottage until ten minutes past six o'clock, having taken forty minutes in going a distance which he usually walked in twenty. A man named Shepherd, who works on the same farm, and lives in the cottage, told that he occupied by Carpenter, was detained on the farm for a quarter of an hour after Carpenter left, but reached home first, and shortly afterwards saw Carpenter come from the direction of the railway over a fence into his own garden, from whence he entered his cottage by the back door. Shepherd noticed that soon afterwards he appeared in his Sunday clothes. About half-an-hour had elapsed when his wife went into Shepherd's cottage, and asked him to go and take off Carpenter's legs some wood which had fallen on them. Shepherd accordingly went. There was a stack of roots near Carpenter's house, and one of the roots was lying on his foot; he was lying on the ground quiet, Shepherd took the root off as soon as he could—"he lifted it off very easily." He also took off Carpenter's boots, and his leg was much swollen. As soon as the above facts reached the ears of the police, Carpenter was taken into custody. At the time of his apprehension he wore the clothes which he had on on the day of the murder; and on examination it was discovered that he smelt of frock, boots, and pocket knife bore stains of blood. He, however, stoutly denies his guilt, and accounts for his unusual delay in reaching home on the night of the murder by stating that he took a circuitous route. A cut in the collar of the dead man's coat precisely corresponds with the blade of Carpenter's pocket-knife.

Professor Taylor has examined Stevenson's knife, and finds blood between the buckhorn handle and the iron plate to which it was rivetted. Some spots of blood were also found on his shirt, boots, and other portions of his clothing, but not in any great quantity. The groove of a bone button, on the knee of his breeches, was however filled with coagulated blood, as was also one of the holes through which the thread is usually sewn.

AMERICAN CAPTAINS AND BRITISH SEAMEN.

The general treatment of sailors on board ship has been again illustrated during the past week. This time it is a murderous attack upon British seamen by American officers. They sailed away ere they could be overtaken by justice, but the facts have been sent to Lord Clarendon for submission to the American Minister.

The following is the substance of the depositions made by the injured men:—George Teitford, of Sunderland, North Sea pilot, says:—On Friday, at eleven a.m., I was engaged by Charles Brookman, the master of the John U. Brookman, barque, of New York, to pilot the vessel to the Downs or the Orkney Islands. I went on board the vessel in company with the master. We took a cable and the cablemen. There were also three British seamen, who had, I believe, agreed to join the vessel, as the crew was short of hands. Captain Brookman told me he was two hands short, even with the three men. The vessel is about 500 tons. There was also a Jew on board, who had got the three seamen. When we got alongside, the Jew and the three seamen, the captain, and myself, all got on board, leaving the two cablemen in the cable. The Jew came into the cabin and received, as I thought, £9 10s.—his charge for getting the men. The Jew went into the cable. One of the three men said that the ship was short-handed, and they did not wish to proceed. This was said to the captain. The captain, without saying a word, knocked the man down. The captain then said a small axe, when I got hold of the axe and got myself cut slightly. I got it out of his hand. He then seized a hammer and feiled another of the three men down. I went aft and called the cable to the side, as I was determined not to go in the ship. When I looked round I saw one of the three men in the water. I called the cablemen to take him in; they did so. The captain said to me that he would not allow the cable to come alongside to take me in. I called them to come under the stern; they did so. I then said down a rope and got into the cable. When I last saw the deck of the vessel the three seamen were lying on the deck wounded and bleeding. I was afraid of my life, and would not go in the ship. The captain was assisted by his three mates in the ill-treatment of the two sailors. Two of the mates had each a belaying pin in their hands.

Peter Mitchell says:—I was on Friday forenoon shipped by a Jew for the John Brookman at £3 a month wages. I got 30s. in advance. Another seaman, named Alexander Irving, was shipped at the same time. I did not see the third man shipped. The captain was in the Jew's shop at the time I was shipped. I went on board, as the pilot has already stated. Before we started from the dock, the captain told us he would get two other hands in addition to us three. When we got on board, Irving went into the cabin, and I at first followed, and then went forward to the house on deck. In a short time I came out, and then I saw the captain knock Irving down. I saw the captain with a weapon in his hand, and I saw him strike Irving with it. Irving fell; I saw him bleeding from the back of his head. He got up. I went to the other side of the vessel, and there I saw the mates striking the third man, whose name I did not know. Saw the mates knock that man down, and saw one of the mates strike him down on the face with a ballast shovel. I went round to the other side, and the captain came up to me and was about to strike me with a belaying pin. I then jumped overboard. I am no swimmer; but I was afraid of my life being taken if I remained on board. I was picked up by the men in the cable. I left all my clothes on board, and the ship sailed with them.

IN A CASE AT PLYMOUTH, before the Earl of Mansfield and other justices, it has been decided that persons coming to church, from whatever distance, were not bound to hide travellers.

POLICE.

CRUISE JUSTLY PUNISHED—At Westminster, John Pater, in the employment of Mr. G. Harrison, the Rossington carrier, was charged before Mr. Arnold with cruelty, ill-treatment, and torturing a horse.

At the trial, it appeared that on the evening of the 20th ult., he was in the Bullion Road, when he saw a horse on the ground, which had been attached to a cart that defendant had been driving. The harness had been taken away, and the horse was in a very excited state. It was not able to get up when the defendant, in order to compel it to rise, kicked it in the side, and twisted its tail in a very cruel manner. He kicked it seven or eight times, and it moved not at all. The witness was in a very good position, but was overpowered. When defendant found that he could not get the animal up, he kicked it in its stomach. Its movements were then dreadful. Witness went to defendant, and as several other persons, who defendant abused them, told them not to interfere in his business, and observed that if they did, he would serve them in the same way. Witness had to go to Fulham, and returned about an hour and a half when he found the horse still there.

Mr. Arnold observed that this was a case of deliberate and wanton cruelty. He was frequently called out to punish persons who drove horses with wounds on them. This was a case of extreme brutality, which deserved a severe sentence. He should not impose a fine. Prisoner was sent for fourteen days to the House of Correction.

A FINGER CAUGHT—William Wilcox was brought before the Lord Mayor in the custody of Fennell, detective, charged with having forged a cheque for £250, with intent to defraud Messrs. Coutts, the bankers.

Mr. E. J. Mellish, clerk to Messrs. Coutts, said: The order produced for a cheque-book was presented to me on the 5th instant. It purports to be signed by H. and S. R. Lewis, who keep an account at our house. Prisoner presented it, and I gave him a cheque-book. The cheque produced has been taken from that book, and it purports to be signed by Messrs. Lewis. I paid it in a £200 bank note and £50 in gold.

Mr. J. Adams, one of the principals of the issue department of the Bank of England—My attention was yesterday called to the £200 note produced, endorsed "Thomas Brown, 105, Oxford Street." I referred to the "Director," and not finding the name of Brown at that address, I asked the prisoner if he lived there. He said he did not, and that a man had given him the note in the street.

Mr. H. Lewin—I am a solicitor, at 32, Southampton Street, Strand. The order for a cheque-book and the cheque produced are not in my writing, nor signed by my authority.

Edward Fennell, the detective, said—I saw the prisoner at the Bank of England yesterday afternoon, and asked him from whom he received the £200 note. He replied that a man had given it to him in the street. I asked him if he knew the man. He said he did not, but that he met him near Langate Hill. I asked him how much he had been promised for getting the note cashed, and he replied "£1." He added that he was to meet the man in St. Paul's Churchyard. I asked him to give me his own name and address, and he wrote on a piece of paper, "William Wilcox, 76, Hutton Garden," and said he was clerk to Mr. King, 10, Maddox Street. At the station-house he took from his pocket a handful of sovereigns. I asked him where he got them from, and he replied "From the man who gave me the note to get cashed." I asked him if he had been to Coutts's. He replied, "I may as well tell you the truth," and afterwards said that the man who gave him the note had given him a cheque for £250, which he took to Coutts's and got cashed in £200 note and £50 in gold. I found twenty sovereigns on him, and he told me that the remaining £30 he had given to the man who had entrusted him with the cheque.

Committed for trial.

EXTRAORDINARY DECISION—"NOT GUILTY; BUT YOU MUST PAY THE COSTS."—George Scarlett, omnibus driver, was summoned before Mr. Alderman Rose and Sir Chapman Marshall, for furiously driving over London Bridge.

A policeman said, on the 19th of October he was on duty on London Bridge, when he saw the defendant about a quarter to eight o'clock in the evening, driving the omnibus at a furious rate, towards the railway station. He ran after it, but defendant was galloping so rapidly that he could not overtake it, and the conductor or was sitting inside the omnibus. When it came back he told the defendant he should summon him.

Mr. Beard said the defendant had been a driver for twenty years, and was a very careful man. There was no reason why he should have driven fast on that occasion, because he had no particular reason to meet; but the omnibus that went a quarter of an hour before, had to meet a train, and it was most probable that the officer had mistaken the man.

Alderman Rose said he had known the defendant as a driver for fifteen years, and always looked upon him as a very careful man. He asked him if he had ever been summoned before? The defendant said he had never had a summons in his life.

Alderman Rose said, from the good character of the defendant, the Bench would be justified in coming to the conclusion that there was some mistake. He would therefore dismiss the summons on payment of costs.

MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

Owing to the continued withdrawal of gold from the Bank of England, the great pressure for discount accommodation, and the unfavorable views from the United States, the directors have found it necessary to advance the minimum rate of discount from 5 to 6 per cent. This change has been made, and is now in force. Out of doors, money is in a somewhat more plentiful state than it was, and, consequently, we are approaching a commercial crisis. Already numerous commercial firms of long standing have been compelled to suspend payment here, owing almost wholly to the want of remittances from the United States, and many other similar firms are expected to do so shortly. Out of doors, money is in a somewhat more plentiful state than it was, and, consequently, we are approaching a commercial crisis. Already numerous commercial firms of long standing have been compelled to suspend payment here, owing almost wholly to the want of remittances from the United States, and many other similar firms are expected to do so shortly.

At home some of the provincial banks, upon which a run has been commenced, have received liberal assistance from the Bank of England, their position is regarded as somewhat critical, and many are entertained that they will be compelled to close their doors.

Naturally, in the present state of things, all parties are looking forward with intense anxiety to any change in our monetary laws, and when we consider that the stock of gold in the Bank of England is very little over £2,000,000, and that time appears to have arrived when some relaxation of the Bank Charter Act might be carried out with great advantage to the commercial world. The position of affairs in India, the large purchases of silver by the Government, the India Company for transmission to Calcutta, and the determination to purchase gold for the purpose of New York, all add to the great demand for bullion on the Continent, and have increased the feeling in some quarters that an additional issue of notes would lead to a further abstraction of bullion and place the bank in a worse position than it now is. Everything, however, will depend upon the future action of the Government, and as far as from Australia and the United States. In the meantime, our position is becoming more serious, and it is only a question of time how long the East India Company will be able to keep out of the market for a loan.

The imports of the precious metals have been a very moderate state, but the next packet for India will carry out about £250,000, chiefly in silver.

The English funds have been very flat this week, and prices have had a downward tendency. The 3 per cent. Consols have been down at 84½; for the 4½ per cent. Consols, 87½; the 5 per cent. Consols, 88½; the 3 per cent. New South Wales, 84½; the 4½ per cent. New South Wales, 87½; the 5 per cent. New South Wales, 88½; the 3 per cent. Victoria, 84½; the 4½ per cent. Victoria, 87½; the 5 per cent. Victoria, 88½; the 3 per cent. Western Australia, 84½; the 4½ per cent. Western Australia, 87½; the 5 per cent. Western Australia, 88½; the 3 per cent. South Australia, 84½; the 4½ per cent. South Australia, 87½; the 5 per cent. South Australia, 88½; the 3 per cent. New Zealand, 84½; the 4½ per cent. New Zealand, 87½; the 5 per cent. New Zealand, 88½; the 3 per cent. Mauritius, 84½; the 4½ per cent. Mauritius, 87½; the 5 per cent. Mauritius, 88½; the 3 per cent. Ceylon, 84½; the 4½ per cent. Ceylon, 87½; the 5 per cent. Ceylon, 88½; the 3 per cent. Hong Kong, 84½; the 4½ per cent. 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